MARVEL COMICS

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZI

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OUR KINDA GUY

Nerys Hughes and Simon Rouse recall their date with Doctor Who

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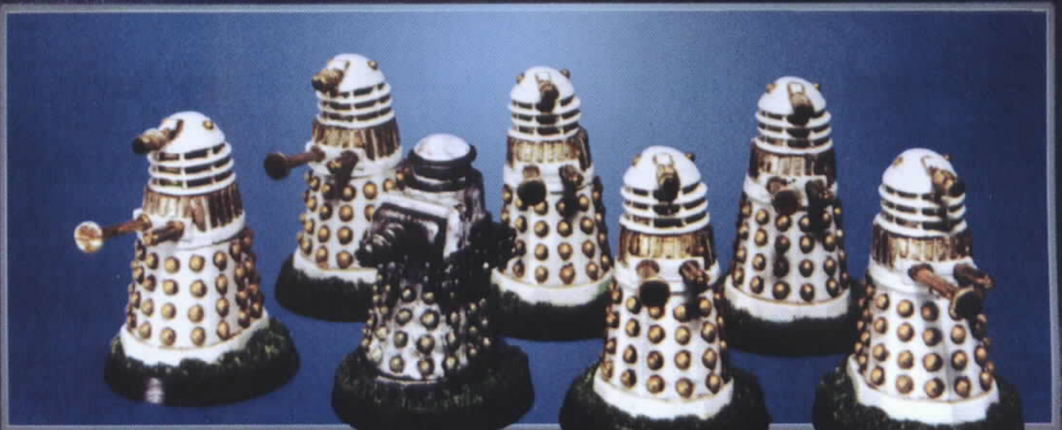

DALEK PATROL

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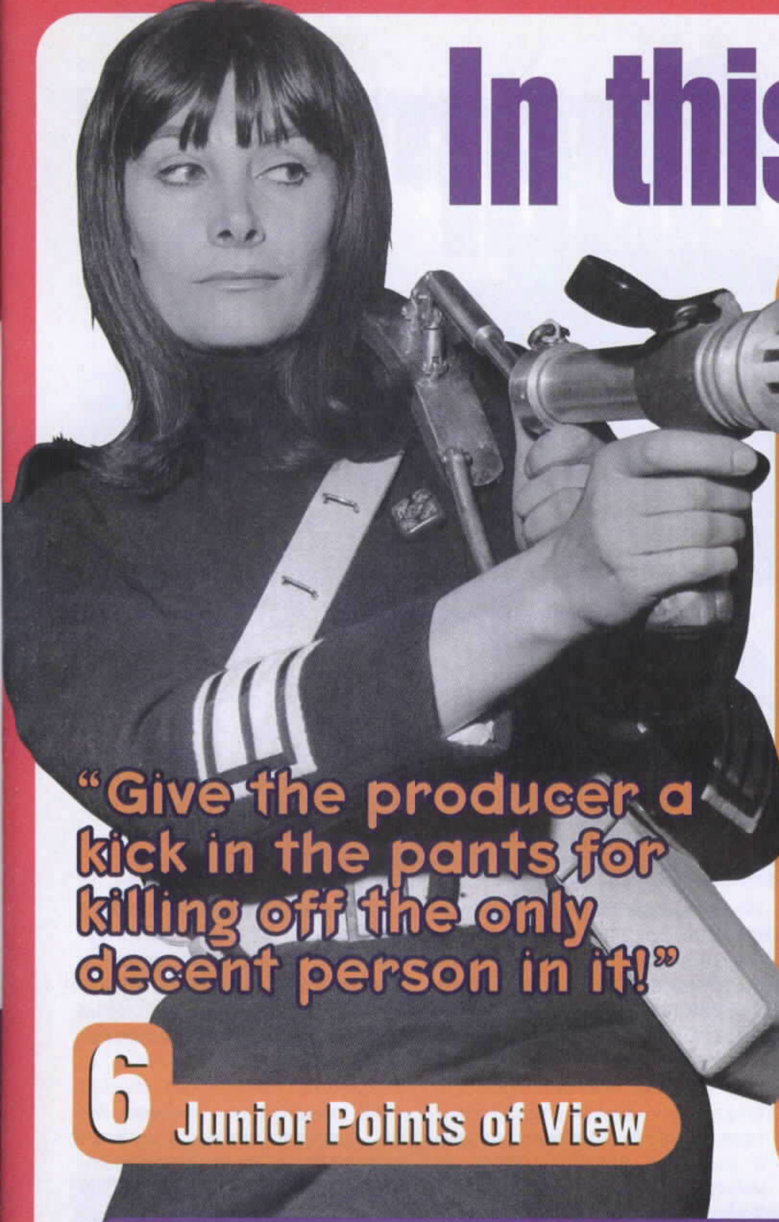
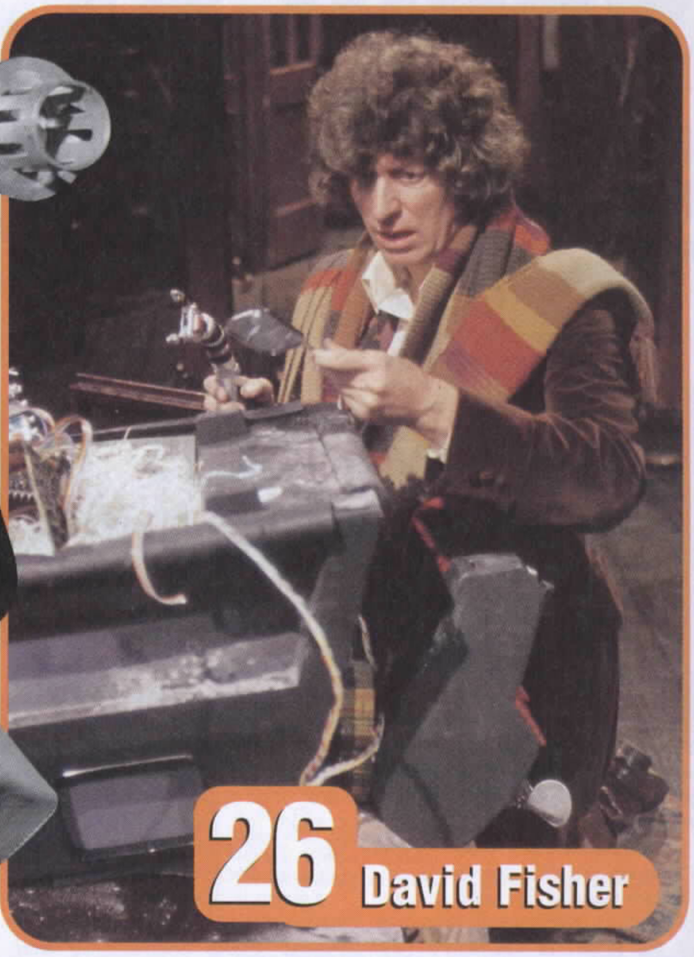


"Give the producer a kick in the pants for killing off the only decent person in it!"

6 Junior Points of View



26 David Fisher

If there's one thing I've tried to do during my three-and-a-half years as editor of this august publication – and one that's especially true of this August publication – is to offer articles which provide interesting external viewpoints on *Doctor Who*. By 'external', I mean thoughts from those outside of recognised 'fandom'.

The *Vox Pops* series on the BBC's internal Audience Research Reports was a case in point, as were the two features with the ten-year-olds of Class 4G at Ibstock Place School (who now must be almost 13 and probably necking strong cider before necking their classmates at their secondary school disco – their thoughts a long way from Zygons and Grace Holloway). Did I ever mention that one of them was Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall's kid, by the way? It's true, but I'm not saying which one!

This month and next we bring through time the words of the smug, scuff-kneed so-and-sos who wrote letters to the long-forgotten BBC kid's programme *Junior Points of View*. Some of the correspondents may be offensively precocious, but their letters still provide a fascinating insight into how *Doctor Who* was received by its public during its first few years on air – a far 'truer' value judgement on these episodes than any number of pages of long-after-the-fact fan criticism could ever offer.

However, one is left to wonder what happened to all those eager young viewers who would, if they hadn't already fallen to some tragedy, mostly be in their forties by now – having long forgotten that they ever got excited enough by Sara Kingdom to write a letter to the BBC about her.

If, unlikely as may be, any of you *Junior Points of View*ers have stayed with the show after all this time, and are shocked to find your original letter reprinted here after so many years, please drop a note to *Timelines* and tell us if you are still such a staunch fan of the Chumblies.

But even if we can't make such a romantic rediscovery, I hope you all enjoy this feature as much as I have.

Oh, and you won't *believe* the comic strip . . .

Gary

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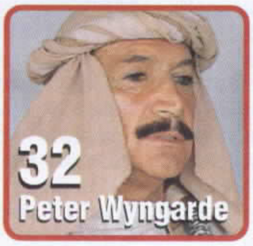

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Gallifrey Guardian

EXCLUSIVE! Senior BBC management offer hope for new *Doctor Who* film or series

The will is there – it's still just a matter of money

On Tuesday 14 July, at Millbank Tower, close to the House Of Commons, the BBC launched its Annual Report and Accounts before a specially invited group of Labour Party MPs and assistants.

In attendance were BBC Chairman Sir Christopher Bland, Director General John Birt, Director of Television Alan Yentob, members of the Board of Governors plus various representatives of individual programme-making departments, including Drama.

After watching a presentation regarding both recent BBC successes and future plans for new digital services, Ian Garrard, Press Officer for Sci-Fi Channel Europe – but reporting on behalf of **DWM** – took the opportunity to ask a number of unsuspecting senior BBC staff members about their plans for *Doctor Who*.

Yentob, although somewhat surprised to be questioned, nevertheless spoke optimistically with regard to the show's revival, but indicated that only a significant investment from a co-producer could guarantee its continuation. He felt strongly that the *only* reason the show had not continued after the 1996 Paul McGann TV Movie had been due to the poor ratings that production had achieved in the United States – which had, in turn, led to the withdrawal of funding from Universal Television in the US, effectively scuppering further production. He did, however, make it clear that the BBC would be willing to co-fund further productions if the quality and integrity of the show's content was maintained.

A representative of the Board of Governors also confessed to a passion for new *Doctor Who*, and had even pointed out the financial benefits of the programme's recommissioning when compiling the Annual Report.

Finally, John Birt himself stated that a *Doctor Who* film or series remained a distinct possibility, and confirmed Yentob's belief that co-financing was the only way forward for the programme.

These comments confirm earlier speculation in this magazine concerning the future of *Doctor Who*. While the TV Movie clearly indicated an interest in new episodes among the viewing public in the UK, the programme is now considered too expensive to be produced by the BBC alone.

It is also clear that there is not, as a number of fans seem to suspect, a conspiracy directed against the series within the Corporation. *Doctor Who* still seems to be considered a key BBC property, and it is purely financial arguments that stand against any return to production.

As negotiations between the BBC and Miramax Films continue with regard to a possible theatrically-released *Who* movie, and press interest in the series remains high there seems good reason to remain optimistic about the series' long-term future.

Win lava!

The jolly folks of BBC Video have kindly offered us ten copies of next month's video release, the Peter Davison serial *Planet of Fire*, to give away in a thrilling competition.

You can read Dave Owen's thoughts on this serial in *Shelf Life* on page 35, but if you want a chance to form your own opinion free of charge, just answer the following question: *Planet of Fire* was partly shot on the volcano-rocked paradise island of Lanzarote – but can you name three other *Doctor Who* stories that also feature volcanoes?

DOCTOR WHO
PLANET OF FIRE
PG
PETER DAVISON

Easy, isn't it? Just jot down your answers on the back of a quirky postcard and send it to IS THAT YOU, HOWUUUURD? at the editorial address on page 13. Closing date is 28 October, and any multiple entries will be sacrificed to Logar.

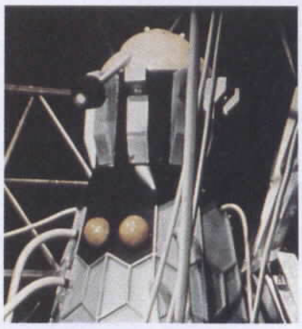
Evil and *Fury* footage coming to video this autumn

See Skaro burn in November!

Two further sequences of rare *Doctor Who* footage have been added to the special documentary that forms part of BBC Video's November *The Ice Warriors* release.

The material, passed to Steve Roberts of the Restoration Team by an anonymous donor, includes a brief section of colour film shot on set for 1968's *Fury From the Deep* showing the deadly Weed Creature bursting into the control room.

A lengthier sequence – around a minute in duration – comes from the seventh and final episode of 1967's *The Evil of the Daleks*. This shows Daleks moving through their headquarters, the destruction of the Emperor Dalek and ends with the Dalek city exploding.



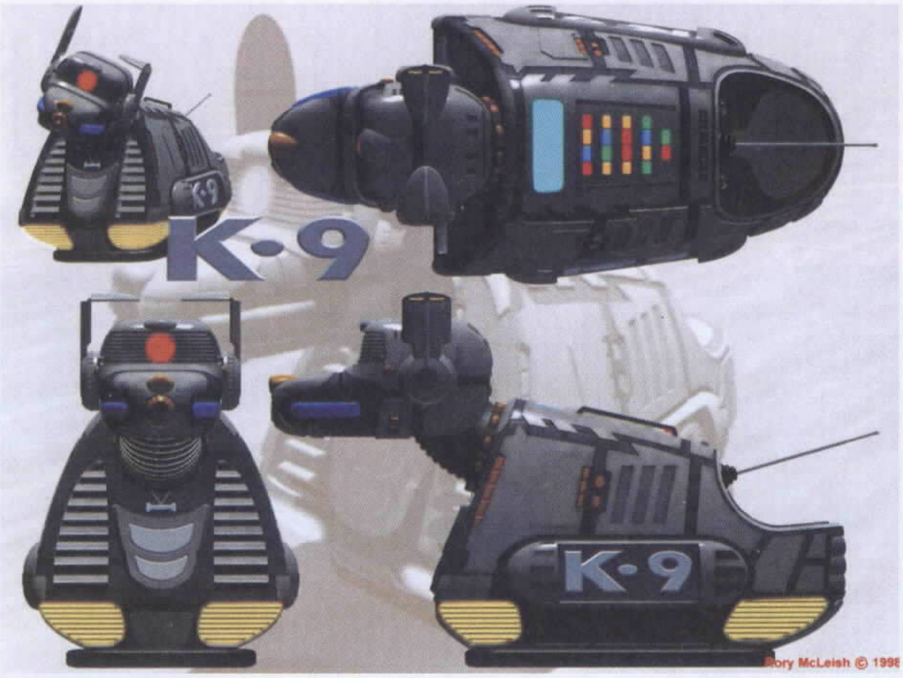
As reported in previous issues, this material now joins a range of other Hartnell and Troughton clips returned from Australia late in 1996, plus 'cleaned up' black-and-white 8mm off-screen film showing tiny excerpts from a number of other sixties episodes – most notably a lengthier version of the Hartnell/Troughton transformation from *The Tenth Planet* Episode 4 than has generally been seen thus far.

These fascinating oddments will be the focus of *The Missing Years*, a 30-minute documentary about *Doctor Who*'s lost sixties instalments presented by companion actors Deborah Watling (Victoria) and Fraser Hines (Jamie).

The addition of this extra material has, however, further delayed the release of the double video pack, now rescheduled for a 9 November issue. It will form part of BBC Worldwide's special video and book releases celebrating the series' 35th anniversary, alongside Lance Parkin's novel *The Infinity Doctors* (which has a distinctive white and silver cover) and **DWM** editor Gary Gillatt's revisionist non-fiction work *Doctor Who: From A to Z*.

EXCLUSIVE! First designs of the new-look robot dog!

K9 hovers in pre-production



Rory McLeish © 1998

The proposed spin-off children's TV series featuring the Fourth Doctor's robot dog K9 is back on track after almost a year 'on hold'.

K9 co-creator and planned series co-producer Bob Baker has been in America developing movie scripts (including a rumoured Wallace and Gromit film), while fellow co-producer Paul Mark Tams has been tied up with music industry work.

However, work will begin this month on a five-minute CGI/live-action showreel video which should help secure final funding for the project.

Shown here are the exciting new designs for the 'dog', visualised on computer by the appropriately-named designer Rory McLeish, working from original sketches by Tams.

K9 can now not only hover, but also cock his head and ears in a remarkably endearing fashion!

Dispatches

● Eighth Doctor returns to San Francisco in upcoming BBC Book

Next June's novel in BBC Books' Eighth Doctor range, Unnatural Selection by Jonathan Blum and Kate Orman, will see the Doctor return to San Francisco, where he has to deal with some deadly and far-reaching consequences of his actions in the TV Movie. May's book in the same series will be *Dominion* by Nick Walters.

Range editor Steve Cole has asked that new authors bidding to write *Doctor Who* novels should no longer submit unsolicited proposals featuring the Eighth Doctor. "I want to treat these books effectively as a new series of *Doctor Who*," he told **DWM**. "Established authors will be commissioned directly to allow us to more carefully plot out detailed on-going storylines and bring a more cohesive and entertaining feel to the books." Newcomers are still welcome to submit ideas for the 'old Doctors' series, and Steve suggests that the *Short Trips* anthologies are the perfect testing ground for *ingenues* wanting to prove their literary talents.

Future plans for the 'old Doctors' range include a second novel from former TV scripter Chris Boucher, this time a sequel to his popular 1977 serial *The Robots of Death*. This book, tentatively scheduled for a spring/summer 1999 release, will also serve as the first 'official' *Blake's 7/Doctor Who* 'crossover' adventure, featuring as it will an important character from one of Boucher's *Blake* episodes!

● Colin and Nicola taped!

Out of the Darkness, another addition to BBC Worldwide's series of *Doctor Who* 'talking books', will feature the vocal talents of former Doctor and companion team Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant reading a number of specially-commissioned stories featuring the Sixth Doctor and Peri. Recording in September for a November release, it will also be the first to be issued as a double CD.

In what is likely to prove a very popular decision, Worldwide are also likely to resume issue of *Missing Stories* audios. The first titles under consideration are *The Crusade* and *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*. If **DWM** readers have any suggestions for serials they would like to hear issued in this format, please send them in and we'll let the Beeb know!

Video reissues of *Revenge of the Cybermen* and *Terror of the Zygons* have been postponed until the spring. Clearance problems mean the stories will be released on separate tapes, rather than as a double pack as initially planned.

● Babylon 5 star bids to be Doctor

On Friday 3 July, Claudia Christian, former star of the inexplicably popular sci-fi soap *Babylon 5*, took part in a web-chat to promote a re-run of the series uncut on Sci-Fi Channel UK.

Claudia was asked if she would like to be the new Doctor, to which she replied, "Yes please, and if anyone out there had any influence in the casting, put a good word in for me!" She also claimed her Doctor should have a sexy young male companion – and that she would, and we

Collector's Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming Doctor Who merchandise

7 September

Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £11.99

Audio ***Doctor Who: Earth and Beyond*** [Eighth Doctor & Sam] Double cassette audio book read by Paul McGann *BBC Worldwide* £8.99

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The TV Companion*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *BBC Books* £8.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Scarlet Empress*** by Paul Magrs [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

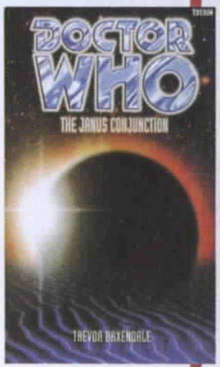
Novel ***Doctor Who: Last Man Running*** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

5 October

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ark*** [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Janus Conjunction*** by Trevor Baxendale [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Matrix*** by Mike Tucker & Robert Perry [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99



15 October

Novel ***The New Adventures: Beige Planet Mars*** by Lance Parkin & Mark Clapham [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

2 November

Audio ***Doctor Who: Out of the Darkness*** Double CD audio book read by Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant *BBC Worldwide* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Beltempest*** by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Infinity Doctors*** by Lance Parkin [The Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The Seventh Doctor Handbook*** by David J Howe, Mark Stammers & Stephen James Walker *Virgin* £tba

Non-fiction ***The Nine Lives of Doctor Who*** by Peter Haining *Hodder Headline* £16.99tbc

Autobiography ***Five Rounds Rapid*** by Nicholas Courtney *Virgin* £tba

9 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including *The Underwater Menace* 3 and a special documentary featuring various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba

16 November

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: From A to Z*** by Gary Gillatt *BBC Books* £17.99

3 December

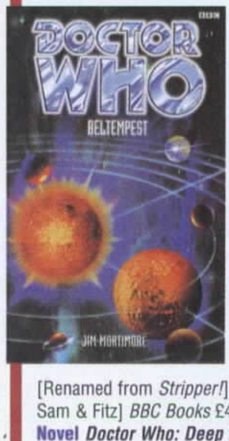
Novel ***The New Adventures: Where Angels Fear*** by Rebecca Levene & Simon Winstone [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

4 January 1999

Video ***Doctor Who: Nightmare of Eden*** [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Face Eater*** [renamed from *Terra Firma*] by Simon Messingham [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Salvation*** by Steve Lyons [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] *BBC Books* £4.99



1 February

Anthology ***Doctor Who: More Short Trips*** edited by Stephen Cole [various Doctors & companions] *BBC Books* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Taint*** by Michael Collier [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Wages of Sin*** by David A McIntee [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

1 March

Video ***Doctor Who: The Keys of Marinus*** [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Démontage*** [Renamed from *Stripper!*] by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Deep Blue*** by Mark Morris [Fifth Doctor, Tegan, Turlough & UNIT] *BBC Books* £4.99

Out of the mouths of babes . . .

Via the long-since defunct *Junior Points of View*, **Andrew Pixley** takes a trip back to the sixties to uncover the reactions of the youngest of *Doctor Who*'s first generation of viewers to the series – and finds their comments frighteningly perceptive . . .

William Hartnell meets Stephen Qualtrough of Liverpool and presenter Sarah Ward as part of an autumn 1964 edition of *Junior Points of View*

Hello and welcome to Junior Points of View, *the BBC television programme which ran between 1963 and 1970 and allowed nice middle-class younger viewers the chance to comment on the Corporation's output, before turning into* Ask Aspel. *My name's June Imray, but later I'll be turning into Sarah Ward, Muriel Young (formerly of* Five O'Clock Club*) and, if you're very naughty, Robert Robinson. None of us really have a handle on what you kids of the 'now' generation are watching in these modern days of winkle-pickers and rock 'n' roll, but the BBC see us as ideal aunt and uncle figures to patronise you all. 'Patronise' – that's a long word, isn't it, boys and girls?*

It's 16 January 1964, midway through the first Dalek serial – whatever it's called – and Doctor Who *has become a hot topic for discussion . . .*

This week you've concentrated on the robots. "How do you make the 'Daleks'. I see them every Saturday and wonder how they work [John Baines, Newbury]." Andrew Kemp of Kenton sent us this diagram of a Dalek which might help. Well, he seems to have got all the essentials including the Ray Gun, which is very important to a Dalek. Anyway, here is the original design of a Dalek which was done by Raymond Cusick of the BBC's Design Department. As you can see, Andrew wasn't far wrong. It seems as if the idea for the design came from the American Mercury space capsule.

Fast forward to 9 April, just after Marco Polo *has finished, and . . .*

Dr Who continues his travels in a new series this Saturday and the Daleks should be back at the end of the year, but if the BBC ever runs out of ideas it looks as if you can keep them supplied. Stuart Whitwam sent a complete script of 22 pages, putting Dr Who down at Bethlehem on the day Christ was born. We've passed that to the producer. GR Cree of Amersham suggested adapting HG Wells' book *The Time Machine*. He said: "The Tardis would be stolen, and there would be a lovely (bloodthirsty?) struggle with the Morlocks for its recapture." And another suggestion: "They could discover a ruined civilisation after a nuclear war [Stephen Brailsford, Barton on Humber]."

One viewer doesn't seem to think they are very civilised at the moment: "Dr Who and Ian Chesterton never seem to have a shave. They would have beards down to their knees [Peter Martinage, Cardiff]." Well, personally, I'd get a bit bored if I had to sit and watch them shaving all the time, wouldn't you? John Lucas of Dagenham is more interested in the mechanics of the machine. "I do not understand how this time machine appears so small outside and so big inside. At a guess I would say that it was only a two-dimensional object and that the third dimension had been removed. Also what is the basic principle on which the time machine works?" Well, John, it was all explained in the first episode, but for those who missed it, here's someone who can tell you more about it than I can. His name is Charles Maine and he is a science-fiction author and editor of an electronics journal . . .

> Please take Doctor Who off. It is absolutely stupid and puts ideas into people's heads!

Unfortunately we can't bring you Charles' explanation, so we'll hand you over to June's successor, Sarah Ward. It's now 5 February 1965, and . . .

. . . apparently Dr Who has gone to ancient Rome, where a banqueting scene caused Joanna David to take up her pen: "On Doctor Who last Saturday the Romans at a party sat on chairs. I thought the Romans lay down on couches to eat." And so they did. However something more detailed in the way of criticism from Lynne Matthews of Newton Stuart: "On Dr Who, Ian wore a toga with a broad purple edge – a toga praetexta which was worn by boys and magistrates only. The ordinary citizens wore a white toga. Ian surely should have worn that."

Anyway, in spite of these criticisms, EM Davies is not alone in finding *Doctor Who* enjoyable and even useful. "I want to thank the BBC for making Dr Who so interesting in last and this week's programme about the Romans." He continues: "We are now talking about the Romans in history at school and Dr Who has helped a lot."

Here we are on 19 February, one episode into The Web Planet *. . .*

Junior choice

The first mention of *Doctor Who* on *Junior Points of View* came as early as 5 December 1963, after host June Imray had asked viewers to nominate their favourite programmes. The top ten comprised:

9=	*Dr Finlay's Casebook*
9=	*Top Score*
7=	*Crackerjack*
7=	*Dixon of Dock Green*
6	*Adventure*
5	*The Rare Ones*
4	*Boss Cat*
3	*Dr Kildare*
2	*Doctor Who*
1	*Z Cars*

Doctor Who continues to arouse just as much comment as before, and with the arrival of some new and extraordinary monsters so our post has increased ten times over: "Dear Madam, I was thrilled by the BBC's improvement on Dr Who. I thought this was exciting and hair raising. The Zarbies were very peculiar doing things which no other insects could do. I thought this was enjoyable. Yours sincerely, David Hurn."

Rose-Anne Oppenheim of London thinks the Zarbies [*sic*] stand a good chance of topping the monster charts: "Dear Sarah Ward, I think the new Dr Who monsters are FAB. They might even be as popular as the Daleks."

However, following a clip of the creatures in question, we hear from a disgruntled S Walls (12) . . .

"Dear Madam, I feel that the last episode of Dr Who was positively nauseating! The 'monsters' with their pointless, noisy, bleeping gave me a headache and the Doctor's little giggle got on my nerves as I'm sure it did many other people. All things considered the whole programme was ill conceived and badly executed . . ." And there's a PS: "Dr Who needs a haircut." Strong stuff, and there's more: "These Zarbies are one big laugh; you could easily see the chap's legs sticking out of any of the them." An acid comment from Kevin Rowland. The lack of realism seems to have hit quite a few of you. Katherine Darby says: "I know the monsters on Dr Who (13.2.65) are really men dressed up, but you needn't show it. On the 'centipede' I definitely saw a hand!"

The Zarbies are a load of toffee!

To 12 March – four episodes into The Web Planet *– and the Australian film series* The Stranger, *about an emissary from the planet Soshuniss who turns up in the Antipodes. Kevin Mills compares this favourably to a rather more famous serial . . .*

"It is unlike any other television film and is more exciting than Dr Who. I think this is because it seems more real." Realism again and it seems to be the key to success for this serial. However, I think it's only fair to say that *The Stranger* and *Doctor Who* are two quite different kinds of story. *Doctor Who* is pure fantasy while *The Stranger* is telling a fantastic story by making it all seem as real as possible. However, many of you seem to think that *Doctor Who*'s Zarbi are neither fantasy or fantastic:

"The Zarbies are a load of toffee."

"Why do we have to sit and watch overgrown insects running around making silly noises?"

"Who do the producers think we are? Kindergarten Babies?"

"Those Zarbies are daft. I hate that noise they make. It's enough to make anyone mad."

That's as may be, but we're going to show you "Mr Giles' Zarbi puppets" who "hope to get into the Top Ten!" anyway. Onward to 2 April, one week into The Crusade, *when . . .*

. . . we reach the letter 'D' in our ABC of television. D for Doodle. And what is a Doodle? Well, Carol Greatrex Evans of Caterham is the best person to explain. She thinks that it's time Dr Who had a new kind of monster – a comic one. She dreamt up such a monster – it's called a Doodle: "The Doodle lives on the planet Doonduinarnun. They are very friendly and like to help people who land on their planet and they also like to be helped as well." William Russell, who plays Ian in *Doctor Who*, came along to see the Doodle and talk to Carol about it . . .

. . . but we haven't got that bit, so it's on to 23 July, and Lorna Goldsworthy of London SW19 has produced a Doctor Who *episode called . . .*

"Where Death Walks!" This involves Vicki with a strange and menacing tribe called the Kratonians. Having captured Vicki, their leader threatens her with imprisonment in the purple cavern, and adds: "It is where we punish prisoners. No-one ever came out alive from there. It is death." Obviously Lorna's got this suspense business completely under control.

A week later, on 30 July, we've.a problem – "the case of the vanishing Doctor Who*" . . .*

"I like Dr Who, why has he been taken off?" That query came from Timothy Ward in Gloucester who, if he'd been consulted, could have solved the whole business. "If I had known I would have lent you my Grandad for a few weeks." Great! But Grandad might have quibbled about being banished to outer space. Seriously though, Dr Who and all the production team are having their summer holiday, but it won't be long before they're back – in fact September 11th is the date to look out for. Same programme, but a different sort of query, from David Gallagher of Peterlie, Co. Durham: "In a series like Dr Who it is quite obvious that when he gets in a very tight spot he will not be killed." Why not? "If he was the programme couldn't be called Dr Who anymore – he would be dead." And David ends up emphatically: "The series would have to end."

Well that's quite reasonable. It's a foregone conclusion that the hero probably won't be killed, but the whole idea is to leave you in suspense wondering how on earth he's going to get out of each situation. In fact this sort of thing isn't new at all – it happened all the time in the silent movies of 50 years ago. We call this situation a 'cliff hanger'. Remember we talked about it in our television alphabet . . .

Talking of the television alphabet, here's Arthur Adair on 27 August with 'W' for 'Wardrobe' . . .

"Dr Who's clothes are designed very carefully so that the Doctor looks right in whatever age he turns up. His enemies' space suits must be practicable. The creatures who fight against him like the Zarbi and his friends the Menoptera take a long time to design. But at least their wings look convincing . . ."

Now it's 24 September, two episodes into Galaxy 4. *Your host is Muriel Young . . .*

You created quite an uproar when Dr Who left our screens in July – and to judge from your letters, he couldn't come back quickly enough. Well, Dr Who is back – and your reaction so far is a little surprising. Only two episodes gone – and Alison Isaacs and Joanne de Coster of Reading have already made their minds up:

"Please take Dr Who off. It is absolutely stupid and puts ideas into people's heads."

Though I suspect the idea that it put into CG Parkinson's head isn't the one the author intended: "Dr Who – brilliant comedy. I have never laughed so much in my life." So long as

BBC [1] BBC Video [1] Barry Newbery [1]

The actors speak Australian and overact. I think Steven looked fat as well. PS. Steven can't sing.

you're happy, CG Parkinson! Not so a group of children in Ormskirk, who issue a statement to the following effect: "That the Dr Who series should be dropped as it has become dreadfully boring, due to lack of original material."

Sean Conway of Ealing sits back, takes a long cool look at things and asks very naturally: "If no-one likes Dr Who – Why do they watch it?" But the saddest cry of all comes from Blackheath: "Why did the producer of Dr Who call those creatures the 'Chumblies'? When I get back to School my friends will probably make a saying and keep on at me about it. Yours, Paul Chumley."

You have my sympathies. But Vicki says they chumble along and they're friendly so it's really a combination of two nice words. Let's face it Paul, you are lucky. What about all the boys who are called Muldoon [*a reference to 'The Ballad of Spotty Muldoon', a novelty single by Peter Cook in 'EL Wisty' persona, which had just entered the charts*]? And here's news. We hope to be able to introduce you to a Chumbley *Doctor Who*-type in *Junior Points of View* sometime soon.

Mark Wilkins of Buckland Common puts his request into verse:

"Lets have more like Dr Who.
More of murder, more of death.
And more of cold and icy breath.
We want something really scaring.
We want something really daring."

Sarah Ward is back on 8 October, following Galaxy 4*'s finale . . .*

The new series of *Doctor Who* sparked off a pretty mixed reaction from you a couple of weeks ago, and the Chumbleys seem to be an equally controversial talking point: "The Chumbleys are pathetic." And Mairi Stewart says that they: "Look like jellies that have been taken out of the mould too soon." David Korn disagrees: "I like those mechanical chumblies. They would beat those silly Daleks any day." And David goes on: "Will I ever see a Chumblie again?"

Well, it's anybody's guess what the future of the Chumbleys will be in *Doctor Who* – but Muriel Young has managed to waylay a Chumbley, and she's persuaded him to join us on *Junior Points of View* today . . .

Sorry, but we can't bring you that – so it's onto 15 October – following Mission to the Unknown *– and Trudi Cant of Alderham . . .*

"Thank heavens for Dr Who. I know it's a lot of twaddle, but Dr Who is not a cowboy or a goalkeeper."

And so to 29 October, two episodes into The Myth Makers . . .

There's a mystery in the air, or so it seems, because quite a few of you have been baffled by *Doctor Who*: "What has happened to 'Dr Who'? One week we see the Daleks planning to invade the world, and the next week we are in Trojan times with no sign of any Daleks." That's what the McGuire family wrote from Yorkshire. But there was a much more desperate letter from "Confused" in Coventry: "I feel something must be said about 'Dr Who' and I can't keep silent any longer." What's the trouble? "I am expecting to be attacked from outer space at any minute! Please can you help me?"

I'd better, hadn't I? Otherwise you'll have sleepless nights for ever more. Here's what happened. The programme with the Daleks was just to remind you that the Daleks are still around and still up to no good. They will be back again on November 13th, when Dr Who has finished his present adventure in Greece. But some of you aren't all that keen on the Daleks anyway: "The Daleks are very silly things, they don't frighten anyone." That was Susan Lawes, from Darlington, and Kim Lynch of Manchester asks: "Why not give Dr Who a rest, he looks tired like me."

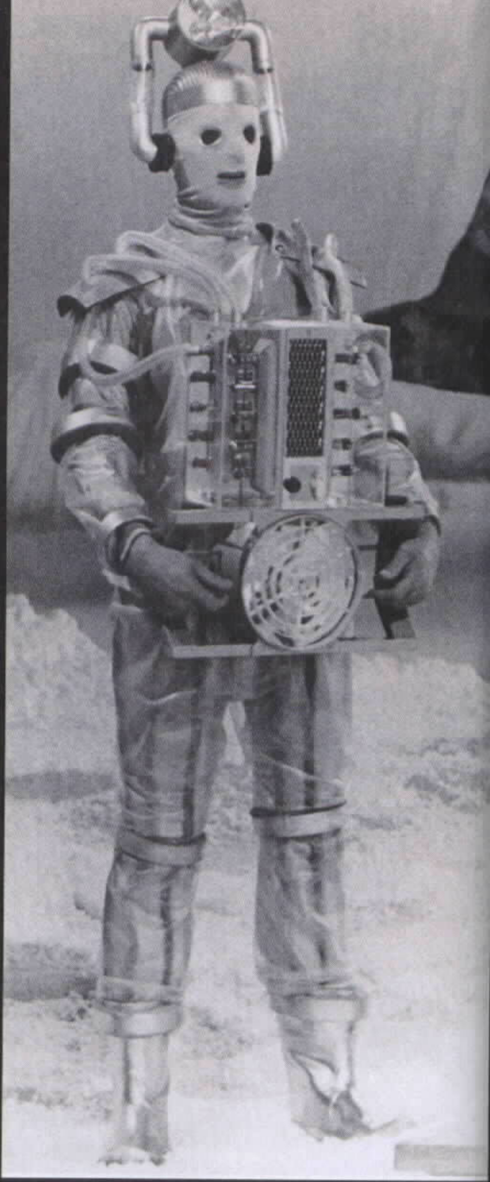
I should think all that rushing around he does is a bit tiring, but with most of you *Doctor Who* still rates pretty high, and Neil Selden from Leeds thinks "Dr Who should stay because it is getting better and better" and Janet Simcox says "Hurrah for Dr Who! – and we want the Daleks back now."

Forward to 19 November, half-way through The Daleks' Master Plan *– and, following some requests for* Flash Gordon . . .

Another space traveller, though a much more recent one, is Dr Who, and you've all noticed that the Daleks are back. You couldn't fail to, could you? "Dr Who has never been better. My brothers and sister and I think it is great." Raymond Hunter from Billericay agrees: "I think the new 'Dr Who' series is smashing, Could we please, please see more of the Daleks." But you don't all feel like this. "Surely the Daleks have had a good life. Is it not time that they have a permanent rest?" And this letter goes on to ask: "Can the BBC not think of anything just as novel?"

The Daleks are very silly things, they don't frighten anyone.

Please, please, please could you tell me more about the Robot men. They seem as heartless as the Daleks to me!



They have tried. Alastair Hearsam from Stirling is also fed up with the Daleks, and he says: "Why can't we have some new monsters?"

A class in Patcham Junior School, Brighton, went one better, and they sent us drawings of some monsters they thought Dr Who could meet. Dr Who and his friends would have their hands full for quite a while with that lot . . .

Now to 4 February 1966, when, after the conclusion to The Daleks' Master Plan, *Glyn Sinclair of Warrington – in bed with "Influenza, virus B" – writes that . . .*

" . . . the "Dr Who" episode on Saturday did not help to improve my condition."

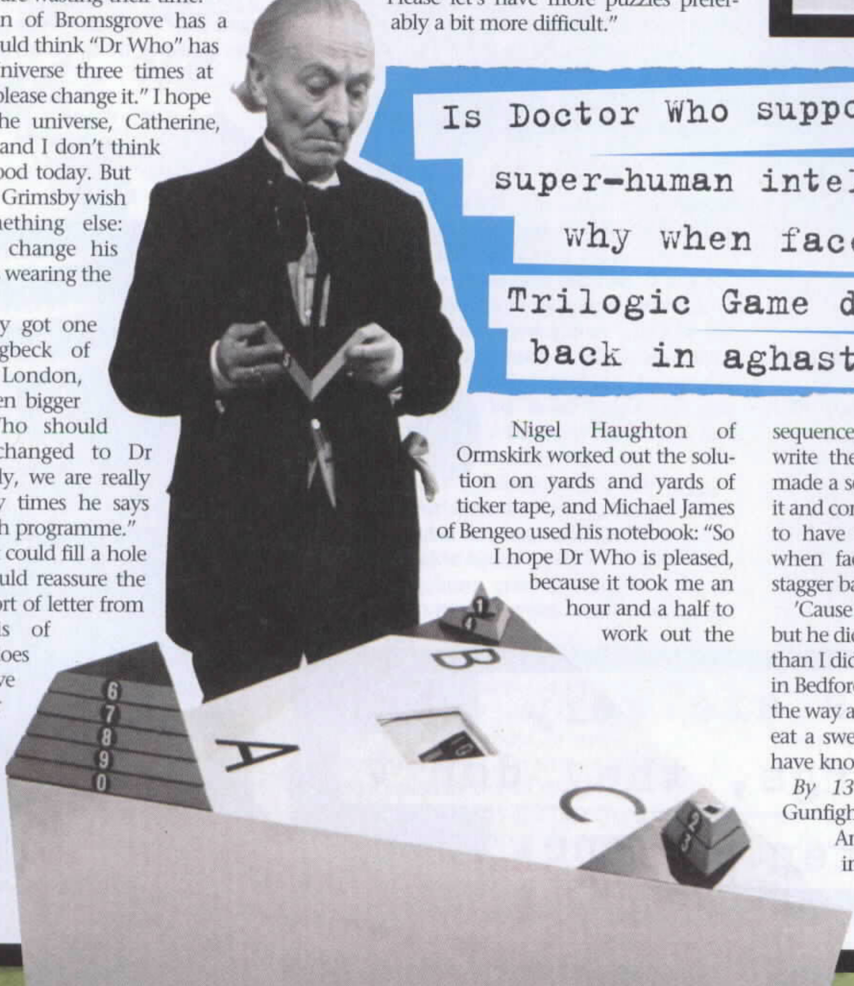
In case you missed the programme, Helena Downes of Leicester explains: "Although the last 'Dr Who' episode was very effective, I do think that the BBC might have toned down Sara's death for the sake of younger viewers. To see her turning to dust was a bit too horrific." H Dronk of Shirley, Surrey isn't a bit happy about Sara Kingdom's death: "Would you kindly, on behalf of all us 'Dr Who' fans, give the Producer a kick in the pants for killing off the only decent person in 'Dr Who'."

The Doctor causes us to get some surprising letters, like this one from Nottingham: "Why does Mavek Chen [*sic*] in 'Dr Who' look like Ho Chi Minh? Is that what my brother calls Capitalist propaganda? I think it's disgusting. If you do not publish this letter, you are supporting a 'capitalist plot'." And from Winchester, Hazel Buckingham writes: "If Space is really like that, Russia and America are wasting their time."

Catherine Morton of Bromsgrove has a hefty request: "I should think "Dr Who" has been round the Universe three times at least. Couldn't you please change it." I hope you don't mean the universe, Catherine, that's a biggish job and I don't think I'm quite in the mood today. But Jackie and friends of Grimsby wish he'd change something else: "Why doesn't he change his trousers. He's always wearing the same pair."

Perhaps he's only got one pair! Mary Killingbeck of Palmers Green, London, would make an even bigger alteration: "Dr Who should have his name changed to Dr Hmmm. As a family, we are really upset by the many times he says 'hmmm' during each programme."

Hmmm . . . but it could fill a hole in the script. It should reassure the Doctor to get this sort of letter from Eva-Maria Inglessis of Kensington: "Why does Dr Who always have enemies wherever they land? Why can't they meet friends and have a happy adventure? I think the Daleks are getting very silly, but I do like them myself."



BBC [2] BBC Video [2]

Edward Martin O'Neill of Sheffield doesn't, though: "Daleks, daleks, daleks all over the place, I'm glad they're off television. There's daleks on comics, on books, everywhere. I'm fed up of them."

Even before the Daleks went, the creature that roused most interest recently is this. Tony Stott has sent a drawing and John Kennedy of Tamworth asks: "What or who is that strange polka-dotted thing that keeps going 'ssssss' all the time? To me he's a bit of a nut." Janice Wilson of Norfolk is also fascinated by "that awful man with those huge black looking spots on him. What an awful hissing sound he make every time he had said a sentence. What on earth does a thing like that eat?"

Well, we've got Celation [*one of the outer galaxy delegates allied to the Daleks in the later stages of* Master Plan] in the studio today for a bit of a chat, and he'll be closing the programme for us later on . . .

But that's another bit we can't bring you. Moving on, it's now 29 April, a few days on from the climax of The Celestial Toymaker, and . . .

. . . we have the Trilogic Game in *Doctor Who.* Most of you felt like me – if at first you don't succeed, give up. But not MJ Neave of Blackpool: "Last night I decided to attempt to solve it although since it has taken Dr Who two weeks to complete half the game I did not expect to get very far. However, much to my surprise, I found the puzzle very simple indeed, and I was able to complete it in a total of 25 minutes. Please let's have more puzzles preferably a bit more difficult."

Is Doctor Who supposed to have super-human intelligence? If so why when faced with the Trilogic Game did he stagger back in aghast amazement?

Nigel Haughton of Ormskirk worked out the solution on yards and yards of ticker tape, and Michael James of Bengeo used his notebook: "So I hope Dr Who is pleased, because it took me an hour and a half to work out the sequence, and about three and a half hours to write the moves out." Penny Crick of Oxted made a set for herself: "Since then I have played it and completed it three times. Is Dr Who meant to have super-human intelligence? If so why when faced with the Trilogic Game did her stagger back in aghast amazement?"

'Cause it's years since he last did sums, I expect, but he did work it out in the end – which is more than I did. Still, it's certainly dented his image up in Bedford for Beth Humphrey: "It think it is silly the way a person of Dr Who's intelligence should eat a sweet given him by an enemy. He might have known it would be poisonous."

By 13 May, we're in the middle of The Gunfighters, *but . . .*

Ann Dawson of Londonderry isn't terribly impressed: "Since the Doctor has arrived in the Wild West I have not enjoyed the programme. It was the most

unrealistic Wild West I have ever seen.” Susan Shaw of Southport: “A feast of science-fiction has degenerated into a crude exhibition of the ‘Wild West’ and phony American accents . . . You should let Dr Who get lost in space. The actors speak Australian and overact. I think Steven looked fat as well. PS. Steven can’t sing.”

Nor apparently could this lady: “The first time Dr Who came on in the West all the singer ever said was ‘There’s blood upon the sawdust in the Last Chance Saloon’. It was like an ordinary play, it was terrible.” Or as somebody said: “When is it going to end – I hope.” Well, if it does: “My Dad says ‘If Dr Who goes, so does our television’.”

You are a trigger-happy lot but, to be fair, there are a lot of letters that like *Doctor Who* very much. But usually they tend to leave it just at that, whilst those with a criticism often say something in a new and amusing way. Paul Goddard of Edinburgh has the last word: “I want Dr Who, namely William Hartnell minus wig. My brother has seen him in the local pub without his wig but I haven’t.” At your age I should hope not, anyway it’s enough to make a Dalek tremble.

On 29 July, a fortnight following the conclusion of Season Three, Diana Ludlam of Stockport asks . . .

“Why is Dr Who so frightening. It nearly scares me out of my skin. Many a time my mum calls me a coward because I’m scared of going to the toilet when I’ve seen Dr Who. Please do something about this. Sorry about bad writing and spellings etc.”

Fiona Knight of Wanstead particularly dislikes the Daleks: “Please, please could I see on Dr Who some more of the Chumblies. They are so kind and sweet. I like them better than the Daleks.” But for most of you *Doctor Who* without the Daleks is like, say, *Juke Box Jury* without David Jacobs. I’ve got a stack of letters here that say quite simply, “Please, please when can we see the Daleks again.” And it just happens that a new film about the Daleks has been released. It’s called *Invasion Earth* and is set in the year 2150 AD . . .

That’ll be Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 AD, *then. It’s now 9 September, and G Goddard of Walton-on-Thames is looking forward to the series being back tomorrow . . .*

“I cannot think of any television programme that has made more impact on me, or which I have enjoyed more. Not long after the serial started, I wrote this poem about it, which expresses my feelings on the matter.

“Leaping down throughout the ages/ Living history’s grim pages/ With king and warrior to feast/ To see great cities, towers tall/ And see the grinning Dalek fall/ Before Jurassic beast.”

Please could I see on Doctor Who some more of the Chumblies They are so kind and sweet.

Strong meat – even for Susan Rippon of Theydon Bois, who thinks it “must be jolly frightening for the younger viewers. It’s all right for children my age though, 10 years.” Which gives you another five good years’ viewing, Susan, before it all becomes too much and a bit of a drag . . . like it has for 15 year-old Robert Malcolm of Edinburgh, who doesn’t like *Doctor Who* – or anything: “I am getting bored with all the rubbish that’s on television now. Maybe it’s because I am getting too old for *Children’s Hour*.”

Just for the record, Robert, our oldest fan so far is in her eighties, so perhaps you’ve made this big decision a bit soon. But still with *Doctor Who*, D Stanton of Winchester has a big grouse about the series: “Scrap ‘Dr Who’, it has been to too many unknown planets and universes. When they pick up new girls in Roman times or before, they do not know anything, but as soon as they step into his fabulous machine they become Einsteins.”

Well it looks as though it’s all going to happen again when the Doctor is joined by two new companions tomorrow. We’ll see how long it takes Ben and Polly to learn the ropes . . . Ben is a practical, down-to-earth sailor. He’s a Cockney and can be a little shy – the complete opposite of Polly who’s an impulsive, with-it secretary. I hope the Doctor’s socks don’t wear out for Polly doesn’t know a thing about sewing, knitting or cooking. You’ll remember they got caught up in the TARDIS by mistake and tomorrow afternoon in the new adventure you can see them tackling a band of smugglers.

On 4 November, the week following the final part of The Tenth Planet, *Linda Haynes of Frodsham swoons over the Cybermen . . .*

“Please, please, please could you tell me more about the Robot men. They seem as heartless as the Daleks to me.” Peter Hobday fell for them too: “I think that Doctor Who and those monsters are fab. They look as though they are dolls.” Patricia Brogan of Belfast is another Cybermen addict, and furious that the ‘you-know-whats’ are about to return: “Take the Daleks off our screen. I really think that they all look exactly like decorated dustbins.”

Or milestones in France. But, Daleks or not, Jennifer Strong or Eltham has had enough: “Don’t you think it is time Doctor Who came off? You would think by now he would have learnt something from his exploits. An old man like that should not take young people away like that.”

Mmmm, it’s a bit rough, Jennifer, I agree. He’d better be careful or he’ll come to a sticky end one day. In fact I think last Saturday – if you were watching – could well be it. Yes, tomorrow, the Daleks are back, and, all in all, tomorrow’s episode should be well worth watching . . .

Another programme always well worth watching is, of course, Junior Points of View, *and I hope you’ll join me next time. And until then, goodbye for now. Well, Celation, would you like to close the programme for us?*

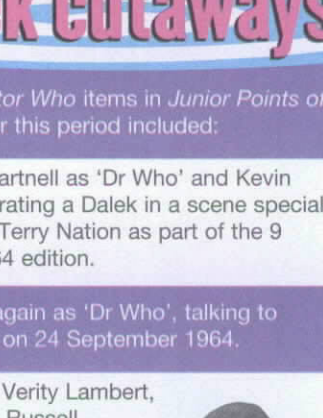
“If you have any comments-s-s on pres-s-sent BBC-s-s programmes-s-s, pleas-s-se s-s-s-send them to this-s-s address-s-s-s: *Junior Points-s-s of View*, BBC-s-s Televis-s-sion S-S-Centre, London, Wes-s-st 12.” DWM

To be concluded . . .

Dalek cutaways

Other *Doctor Who* items in *Junior Points o* *View* over this period included:

- William Hartnell as ‘Dr Who’ and Kevin Manser operating a Dalek in a scene special scripted by Terry Nation as part of the 9 January 1964 edition.
- Hartnell, again as ‘Dr Who’, talking to Sarah Ward on 24 September 1964.
- Producer Verity Lambert, plus William Russell, commenting on viewers’ letters on 27 November 1964. A trailer for *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* was also shown.



- Mr RJ Giles of Giles Puppets with his puppet Dalek on New Year’s Day, 1965.
- Muriel Young interviewing William Sheare about operating a Chumbley on 8 October 1965 alongside a clip from *Galaxy 4: Four Hundred Dawns*.

The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

In which Jackie, Nigel and Chas give one of the uninitiated a glimpse of the tangled web that is fan criticism.

Friday, the moon and mushroom

8.30pm Nigel's mate James, not a fan, is often confused as to why we are.

"When was *Doctor Who* good?" he asked, rhetorically suggesting Pertwee.

"With Tom," we corrected.

"But not the middle seasons," disputed Nigel, revealing disloyalty. "They were rubbish."

It was at this juncture, with James responding to a judgement that indicated popular dissent, that Chas, always the more studious – and aware that James was not fluent in a tongue where decades are labelled with genres and credits – began his brief history of Time . . .

Fantastically popular unpopular

8.33pm "We have popular seasons, we have unpopular seasons, we've unpopular popular seasons, we've popular unpopular seasons, we've popular unpopular popular. There's massive, there's rubbish, there's madness. Nigel's dismissive 'middle rubbish' was massive, its beginnings championed by a young fandom as being hugely superior to the much-condemned squalid horror of the previous three continuity-contemptuous seasons."

"So they weren't popular?"

"No, they were massive."

"But not as massive as Nigel's 'massive middle rubbish' massive?"

"Ratings-wise, the unpopular seasons were more popular than the three popular seasons."

"But the popular seasons remained popular?"

"Briefly popular, they were deeply unpopular. Demonised along with all who contributed to them, there was nothing quite so unpopular as the popular seasons. Yet this isn't to presume we have six unpopular seasons, as we don't. One of the many unconscious Laws of Fandom is that you can only have three unpopular seasons at any one time – with the exception of the Pertwee era, where four are allowed. Thus, the rubbish which preceded Nigel's 'massive middle rubbish' was no longer the rubbish it had once been deemed to be. Through this reversal, the popularly unpopular popular had been sandwiched by an unconnected season popularly considered excellent."

"Massive?"

"No, unpopular, but definitely not rubbish."

"As unpopular as the original unpopular seasons?"

"The excellent season was nowhere near as critically unpopular as the original unpopular seasons, but the unpopular seasons were now so hugely popular that the excellent season's excellence was diminished in the shadow of the unpopular seasons' commercial popularity – a popularity the excellent season failed to excel at.

"Now, remembering the 'three season' rule, the programme had only to reach its 20th year before the rubbish middle seasons were being considered quite excellent and the excellent season, complete with the two that followed, quite rubbish. Now, with the unpopular middle seasons challenging the popularity of the original unpopular seasons, the new seasons' modest popularity was considered to be not very popular at all. Condemned as idea-less rubbish relying too much on the past, the supporters of the new rubbish consoled themselves in the belief that whilst their rubbish may not be the top quality rubbish of the past – the past their rubbish was rubbishing – it by no means looked as rubbishy as the rubbish of the future which was set to replace it. The top quality rubbish of the past, consisting of the now fantastically popular unpopular squalid horror and the popularly popular unpopular popular middle seasons, continued to exclude the original three eras from the competition due to their popularity being untouchable and their details unchallenged."

"So *those* had been successful?"

"Yes, but not popular. Research revealed that the first two eras constantly battled to regain a popularity lost, a popularity only the unpopular years had managed to attain. The quality, like that of the excellent season, was considered excellent – even if, like the excellent season, the figures suggested otherwise. If the fantastically popular unpopulars' failing appeared to be the abandonment of all the quality, charm and variety that had made the series' formative years so average in comparison, then the early years' failing was that they were far too clever and inventive to be consistently popular in the first place.

"To deal with the eras in thirds, it's believed the Second Doctor's first third bettered the First Doctor's third third – but the Second Doctor's first third didn't. Nor did the Second's first third better the First's first third, which was only ever bettered by his second. The Second's second third, which many say has never been bettered, failed to better both the Second's first and the First's third third, which many say had never been worsened. Yet the Second's third third performed more poorly than the First's third third did, even with a high point which bettered the 'couldn't be bettered' Second's second. But the high point of the Second's third third failed to better that of the Second's first third, which in turn failed to better the high point of the third third of the First. The better Second's second bettered 'can't be bettered' third is the third that causes the problems. Although only half as popular as the second third of the First, the First's second third has the misfortune of largely existing – which the second third of the Second largely doesn't. Thus, whilst the First's second third had largely been written off and down-voted, the Second's bettered 'can't be bettered' has been written up and bloated – leaving, from our perspective, a challenge akin to appreciating the hole in a Polo mint. A challenge which, perversely, fandom has risen to, elevating the absent over the present as only the wilfully stupid can, buying into the hole rather than the mint and ignoring the unlikely convenience of an equation which equals 'missing' with 'classic'. Subsequently, to stress that this is where *Doctor Who* was good would only be substituting lips for buttocks, and others are more practiced at this implausible drivel than I. Suffice to say that the Second's second third was the most unpopular third since the series began – and since the third third did nothing to reverse the trend, it is, with the exceptional exception of the First's second third, possible to view the series' 26-year run in popular decline just around the time it started. This leaves the early seventies which, later considered unassailable through being unattainable, were amongst the first to be made commercially available. Attainable, they were considered later extremely assailable and so denoted 'unassailable' to the truly unavailable.

Popularly popular unpopular

"So, to answer your question 'When was *Doctor Who* good?', save a few weeks around Christmas '63, quite possibly, never."

"But it's nonsense."

"No, James," said Chas, "it's appreciation."

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line. No general enquiries by e-mail, please. For subscriptions details, see page 43.

SPIN-OFF DOCTORS

Steve Lyons' article on canon in **DWM** 267 certainly raised some interesting questions about what is and what isn't genuine *Doctor Who*, but at the end of the day, what constitutes the *Who* canon must be left to each fan's own personal preference. The TV series which ran from 1963 to 1989 is best described as the 'parent' canon. Everything else must be termed a 'spin-off'. This applies to both production and merchandise off-shoots of *Doctor Who*.

I think it is significant that the spin-offs are all influenced by what happens in the parent canon and not the other way around. When the Doctor regenerates on TV, he is regenerated in the spin-offs. The direction of the TV canon has never been influenced by any of the spin-offs. This is important . . .

I prefer to think of these spin-offs as 'multi-canons' along the same lines as the *Sliders* multi-universes; they all generally 'look' the same but each follows its own separate, and clearly individual, path of continuity, but with the occasional cross-over (Benny's appearances in Marvel's comic saga, appearances by Abslom Daak and Frobisher in Virgin's books, etc). It is only when the parent TV canon changes its direction that the rest all lemming-like follow suit. And it is highly significant that only the TV canon has that power . . .

Jon Preddle
via e-mail

Shada: yesh.

Sharon: yesh.

Sham Jones: sh-

The reason we all watch *Doctor Who* is that we enjoy it. So all our convoluted arguments about what's canon and what's not boil down, in the end, to what we like. Or what we can stand in the same gerrymandered 'category' that we like. It's a matter of taste and compromise, and everything else is justification!

Still fun to have those arguments, though.

Alex Wilcock
via e-mail

Steve Lyons' brilliant article made me look at the whole of *Doctor Who* in a new light. My view on *Doctor Who* was sort of contradictory in places. I used to think that the best thing about *Doctor Who* was its tendency to change (and I still do), but at the same time, I spent a lot of time complaining about things that strayed from the original programme! The thing I liked about many of the novels (BBC and Virgin lines) was their attention to the storylines of the TV series, but some of my favourite ones were the books that were nearly a complete removal from the format of the show (like *Lungbarrow* and *Seeing I*).

It also made me see the **DWM** comic strip in a new light, which previously I honestly thought of as complete rubbish. Regenerating the Doctor without a TV story to base it on – phaugh! The Threshold? Using monsters that weren't in any of the episodes? Double phaugh! What I failed to realise before reading this issue is that the strip is fun! The strip was great, it FINALLY explained more about the Threshold, and it sported a cliffhanger worthy enough to call it 'canon'. I would like however to see more characterisation of this Ninth Doctor, more dialogue that might paint a clearer picture of him in the readers' minds. All I can think of is that holographic Doctor from *Star Trek: Voyager* (the only good thing about that insipid show).

Nate Bliss
via e-mail

PRETENTIOUS, *MOI*?

Are you people utterly mad? I mean, really? The Eighth Doctor was just hitting his stride in the comic strip, Izzy was becoming tolerable, and Fey was a nice addition to the strip. Ah, but what a way to go. . .

I should've seen this coming. Either Alan Barnes had no idea of the archaic meaning of 'fey', or he's a Robert Burns fan and too clever by half. 'Fey' has several meanings, but the one that made something click in my brain was 'fated to die'. Of course, I rejected this out of some hard-won loyalty to Paul McGann's Doctor. 'Fey' might also be quite appropriately applied to the Doctor in other ways: other-worldly, eccentric, or supernatural. The Old Scottish is 'fegi' and is defined as 'being in an unnaturally excited state of mind prior to death' and generally referred to soldiers. Hm. I thought the references to other Paul McGann characters were clever, but this one leaves me miserable.

Hopefully, the Eighth Doctor will be popping in again in the future. After all, haven't the fans had enough disappointments over the last two years?

Kelly Hodge
via e-mail

ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE

There's a lot about **Doctor Who Magazine** that is really quite excellent. It's beautifully made, often intelligently written and covers every aspect of *Doctor Who* very well indeed. Yet, somehow, as I've read each new issue for the past few years, I feel a growing sense that something is wrong. I'm almost always left feeling down.

SIX IS THE BEST!

With the shocking results of your official survey [**DWM** 265] and the horrific statement in your interview with Paul Cornell [**DWM** 267], I felt I had to act. Why have a huge number of *Doctor Who* fans got a vendetta against Colin Baker's portrayal of the Doctor? I must disagree with Paul Cornell, the Sixth Doctor never "lost his principles" as he puts it, he simply did what Paul spent the rest of the interview arguing so effectively in support of. Colin took the Doctor out of the seventies rut which had seen Peter Davison degenerate the programme to a pathetically serene level of childishness. (The principle is to scare people with evil monsters and a good fight – we'd reached a point where the Malus is smiling and the Doctor sees reason for the Tractators' way of life.) Colin gave the Doctor a kick of vitality and made him get up and make a difference. The Doctor is the man who would go to Ravalox because it looked interesting, not run from Frontios for fear of being accused of meddling. These are the Doctor's principles, and anyone who stereotypes him as a Gallifreyan hippy has got a lot to answer for.

Paul Musselwhite
Pontardulais, Swansea

In many ways I regard Colin Baker's energetic and eccentric Sixth Doctor as the best of the bunch, and although I didn't expect any of his stories to make the Top Ten of *The **DWM** Awards*, it was disheartening to see that none made it into either the Top 20 or even 30. Equally disheartening are the blunt, cold statistics that reveal Colin as the least liked Doctor who appeared in *The Twin Dilemma*, 'the worst *Doctor Who* story ever'. However, I'm not ashamed to publicly confess I regard *Twin* as absolutely fabulous! I know the chilling, atmospheric *Spearhead From Space* is the best first story for a new Doctor, but to me *Twin Dilemma*, even if it is a kind of lurid, over the top *Flash Gordon* spoof, is eminently more entertaining than any other first stories, made more so by Colin's marvellous performance . . .

The Sixth Doctor declared, "I am the Doctor, whether you like it or not." The survey seems to say we like it not. Me, I like it a lot.

Paul Shaw
Albany, Australia

In response to Simon D Skipham's defence of *The Twin Dilemma* [*Timelines*, **DWM** 267], all I can say is, even the worst *Doctor Who* stories have something good about them, and show more imagination and creativity than just about anything else on television. *The Twin Dilemma* may be the worst story of all time, but I'd watch it or any other of the alleged clunkers before the best of most other shows.

Eric Gjovaag
via e-mail

Outraged Twin Dilemma *fans may be pacified to learn that the Sixth Doctor's debut will feature in* The **DWM** Archive *next issue . . .*

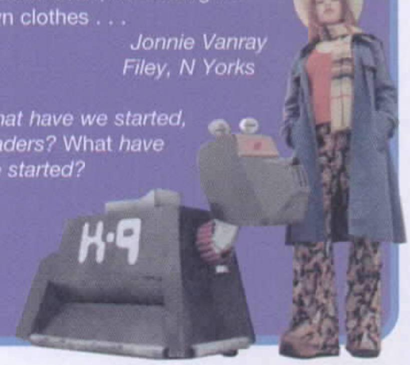
WHO CARES! (continued)

Further to your readers' own pictures last issue [**DWM** 267] featuring horrific giant children next to a lifesize Dalek and K9, here is my own version of a K9 with gigantism.

The unfortunate size difference came about when my friends and I went to meet Tom Baker at a book signing. As you know, he is a huge man, so I judged my K9 by his size on that day. Unfortunately he turned out to be at least twice the size of the original, so Tom Baker must have been 12 feet tall on that fateful day. Anyway, I'm now in my third year of Art and Aesthetics at UWIC in Cardiff. K9 was the main project of my second year, and he is pictured here with Layla Middlehurst who, besides hat and scarf, is wearing her own clothes . . .

Jonnie Vanray
Filey, N Yorks

What have we started, readers? What have we started?



I was dismayed at the lack of support given to the TV Movie. The vast majority of your writers – Gary Gillatt aside – slagged it off, even assuming that we hated it in their articles. And while I wouldn't have any respect for a publication that is always laudatory, this magazine is full of negativity. Issue after issue has apologetic feature articles punctuated by confrontational blow-up quotes.

Over the past few years, we've been treated to articles dealing with the cheapness of the show, its derivatory nature, and the disillusionment of various sections of fandom. Recent issues have featured Paddy Russell condemning Tom Baker, Paul Cornell putting down Colin Baker, and essays on the ten greatest episodes ever made highlighting their plot loopholes. You even killed Paul McGann in the comic strip. If people can't accept him as the Doctor, or even the great Peter Cushing, how can they begin to accept a non-entity 'Ninth Doctor' with a toothbrush in his pocket?

This magazine is too apologetic and makes me feel self-conscious for loving what is, in reality, the greatest show ever on television that has been loved by millions for decades. Even when your writers try to put a positive spin on articles, they always make *Doctor Who* sound like rubbish – a 'boy's club' favourite, treasured by a handful of misunderstood fans. If this magazine doesn't defend the honour of *Doctor Who*, who will?

Most of my experiences related to *Doctor Who*, socially or otherwise, have been overwhelmingly positive. This magazine wallows in and reminds me of the negative. *Doctor Who* is not an obscure cult piece, or dated in any way. I recently showed a number of classic episodes to my friends in college. This intelligent audience, weaned on an era of glitzy special effects, almost universally loved the show in all its forms, from *An Unearthly Child* to the Paul McGann film. They even lauded the mysteriously infamous *Time and the Rani*.

This is not to say the show should never be criticised, but for every positive article you have, there are negative pieces aplenty. There are enough good things to say about *Doctor Who* without having to rummage through the bad. And for at least the next six months, please try to avoid making any more references to the snake in *Kinda*. I'm sick to death of people complaining about it. It is, after all, rather cute and cuddly.

Brian DiPaolo
via e-mail

THE ENDER THE AFFAIR

The *Dimensions in Time* canonicity debate, round three [see editorials *passim*]:

The *Doctor Who* series experienced by the inhabitants of the *EastEnders* universe cannot be "completely different" to that of the 'real' world, as Alan has suggested [in **DWM** 267's editorial]. In either universe, the show's original star was William Hartnell. During a game of *Trivial Pursuit*, JN-T lookee-likey Nigel once answered a question on that very subject (and got it right). Another quiz question (a pub quiz in the Vic) provided evidence that Julie Goodyear likewise played Bet Lynch in the *Enders* equivalent of *Corrie*. Therefore, she may have been too busy to also play the Doctor!

Sorry to be so sad.

Richard McGinlay
via e-mail

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The King's Demons

Way back in the days of old when knights were bold, the Doctor, Tegan and Turlough cross swords with wicked King John – or so they think. Andrew Pixley drags from the vaults the story designed to introduce the series' second robotic companion . . .

PART ONE

England, 1215 AD. In fitz William Castle, King John informs his host, Lord Ranulf, of his dissatisfaction with the contribution that Ranulf has made towards the Crusades. The King's champion, Sir Gilles Estram, claims Ranulf has insulted the King and challenges him; this is taken up by Ranulf's son, Hugh. Next morning, the jousting between Sir Gilles and Hugh is interrupted by the arrival of the TARDIS; the Doctor, Tegan and Turlough disembark only to be branded demons. However, they are welcomed by John and watch the joust. Sir Gilles triumphs over Hugh, but the Doctor pleads for the young man's life; the King spares him.

While being taken to the castle's guest chamber, Turlough becomes separated from the Doctor and Tegan. He is captured by Hugh, furious at his loss of honour in the joust. The Doctor tells Tegan that something is wrong; today, John is supposed to take the Crusader's Oath in London. Meanwhile, Lady Isabella is taken into custody by Sir Gilles to ensure Ranulf's good behaviour. Hugh is interrogating Turlough in a dungeon when Sir Gilles enters with Isabella; all three are made prisoners of the King. Ranulf discusses recent events with the Doctor, whom he still distrusts. The Doctor suspects the King is an impostor.

Sir Gilles arranges to have the 'blue engine' – the TARDIS – brought inside the castle. The Doctor and Tegan attend a banquet for the King where they and Ranulf are unsettled by the King's aggressive song. Sir Gilles brings in the captive Sir Geoffrey de Lacey, Ranulf's cousin, who has just returned from London after taking the Oath; Geoffrey is astounded to see the King present. While an Iron Maiden is prepared for Geoffrey, the Doctor insults Sir Gilles, provoking him into a swordfight. The Doctor disarms Sir Gilles – who then produces a Tissue Compression Eliminator. His features ripple into those of the Master: "Oh my dear Doctor! You have been naive!"

En garde! 'Sir Gilles' (Anthony Ainley) and the Doctor (Peter Davison) cross swords

PART TWO

The defeated Master taunts the Doctor, and the King demands that the loser is punished. Offered a choice between placing Sir Geoffrey or the Master in the Iron Maiden, the Doctor reluctantly condemns his old enemy to death. However, once the Master is placed inside the torture instrument, the Maiden dematerialises like a TARDIS. The King makes the Doctor his new Champion; Ranulf and Geoffrey distrust him. The first act of 'Sir Doctor' is to take Geoffrey to the dungeon.

The Iron Maiden reappears in the dungeon, and the Master emerges to claim that he has come to save the King from the demons who have bewitched him; he releases Hugh and Isabella, but not Turlough. The Master gains Ranulf's trust, and the 'blue engine' is brought into the Great Hall. The Doctor and Tegan arrive in the dungeon with Geoffrey and release Turlough; the Doctor explains that the Master's plan is to avert the signing of Magna Carta. The Doctor leaves the Master's TCE adhered to the Master's disguised TARDIS; the group aim to use the Doctor's TARDIS to reach London. Discovering that the ship is missing, Turlough finds a horse for Geoffrey to take to ride to the real King – but, directed by the Master, an archer shoots the knight in the back.

Hugh captures the Doctor and Tegan and brings them before Ranulf; by a ruse, Tegan is able to enter the TARDIS and dematerialise it. The distraction allows the Doctor to escape. He reaches the King's chamber and finds a silver android singing with the King's voice. The Master introduces the Doctor to Kamelion, a tool he found on the planet Xeraphas; it can adopt any shape its user requires by means of psycho-kinetics. The Master plans to use Kamelion to subvert the foundation of parliamentary democracy. Turlough is captured by Hugh and brought before Ranulf and a dying Geoffrey; Ranulf realises that the Doctor will be with the King, and they head for the King's chamber. When Ranulf enters, Kamelion becomes the King again – but soon a mental battle between the Doctor and the Master develops, each striving for control of the android. Tegan materialises the TARDIS, allowing the Doctor to triumph; turning Kamelion into Tegan, the Doctor bustles the android into his ship, followed by Turlough.

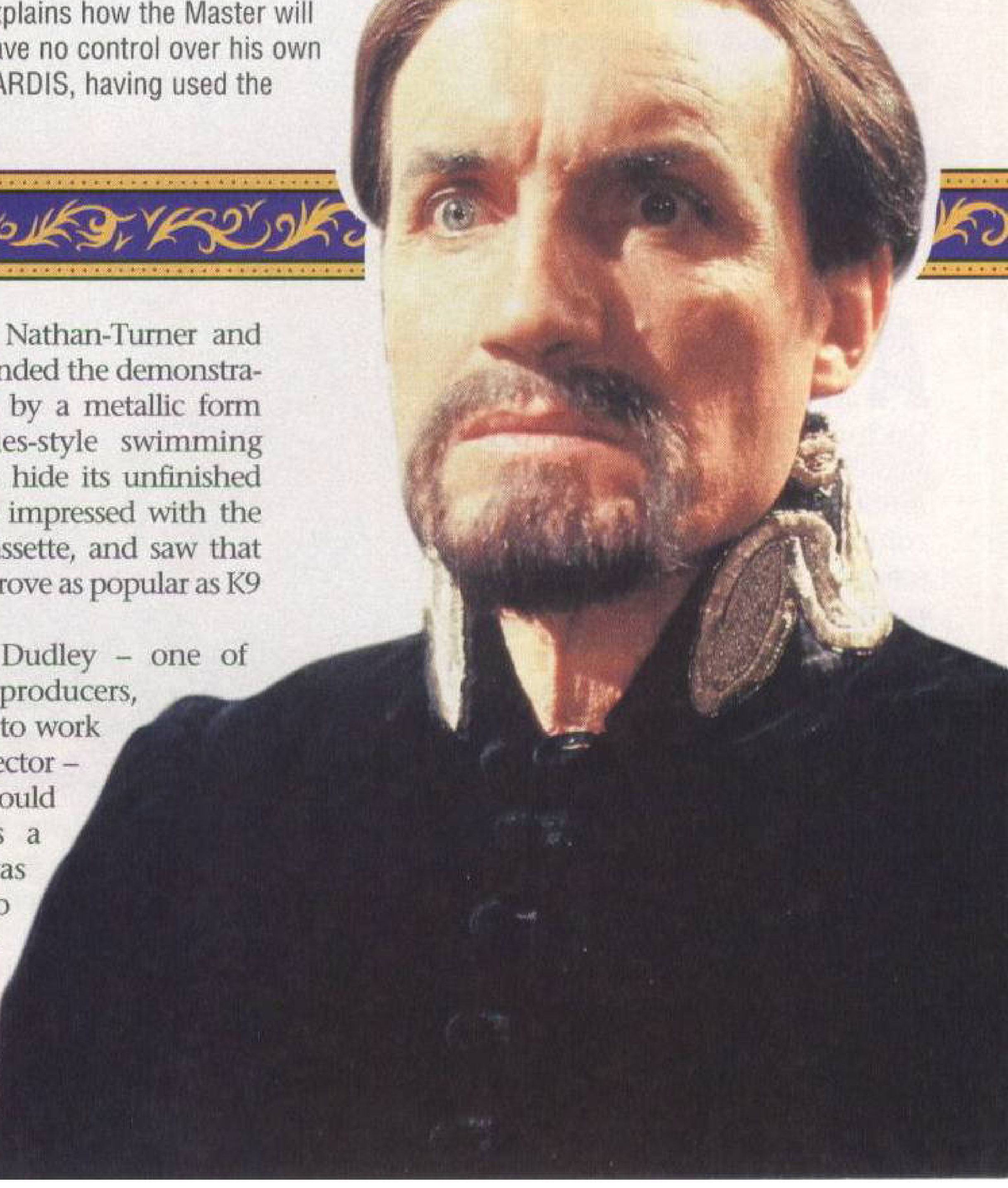
The TARDIS departs; the Master, too, attempts to escape in his TARDIS – but the Doctor explains how the Master will have no control over his own TARDIS, having used the TCE to jam its circuitry. Tegan takes a dislike to Kamelion, which has a mind of its own. The Doctor's TARDIS heads for the spectacular Eye of Orion . . .

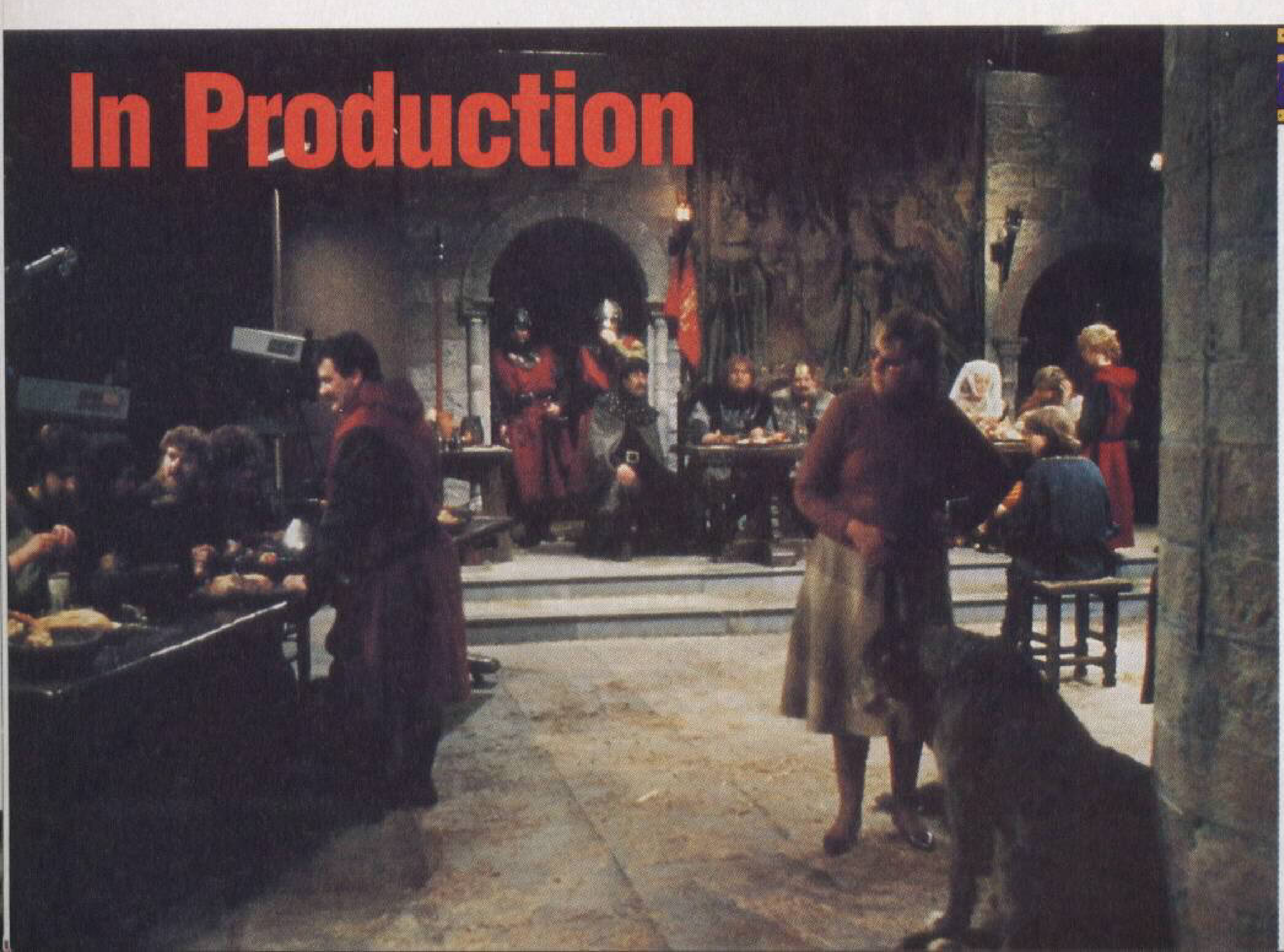
"I still have my wits . . ."

In the King's Chamber, the Doctor confronts the Master over his plan to prevent the signing of Magna Carta . . .

DOCTOR You cannot be allowed to alter the course of history, even indirectly.
MASTER How do you propose to stop me?
DOCTOR I shall have to give it some thought.
MASTER You haven't much time.
DOCTOR And you haven't your compressor.
MASTER I still have my wits.
DOCTOR So do I.

From The King's Demons
Part Two
by Terence Dudley





In Production

Although writer Terence Dudley had apparently come up with the notion of a storyline featuring King John early in 1981, before his commission to pen *Black Orchid,* the main impetus which would lead to his final *Doctor Who* serial came later that year courtesy of a suggestion to the production team from freelance effects designer Richard Gregory. Gregory's company, Imagineering, had provided specialist props and costumes for both *Four to Doomsday* and *The Visitation*; during *Earthshock*'s first studio recording in the second week of November 1981, Gregory again told producer John Nathan-Turner about a robot prop which had been developed in conjunction with software designer Mike Power and computer expert Chris Padmore at Padmore's company CP Cybernetics.

The robot had originally been constructed as a promotional exhibit to advertise cars; it could make gestures and 'recite' a pre-recorded sales pitch. In addition to moving the head, pre-recorded dialogue could be synchronised with the mouth's operation. The advertising account managers were unimpressed with Power and Padmore's prototype, so the pair hoped to secure funding from the entertainment industry in order to complete its development. Padmore approached Gregory, and it was hoped that the robot could feature in the SF/horror movie *Xtro* until finance problems arose. For some time Gregory had sought a project which would provide Padmore with the resources necessary to complete the robot; the walking mechanism had not been perfected.

Nathan-Turner liked the idea of using a 'real' robot in *Doctor Who,* and agreed to see the prop. A fortnight later, during *Earthshock*'s second studio, Gregory and Padmore set the robot up for a demonstration in a technical management storeroom off TC8. When Nathan-Turner and script editor Eric Saward attended the demonstration, they were confronted by a metallic form hastily dressed in a fifties-style swimming costume and rubber cap to hide its unfinished aspects. Nathan-Turner was impressed with the lip-synch to speech on a cassette, and saw that potentially the robot could prove as popular as K9 had been.

Nathan-Turner wanted Dudley – one of Nathan-Turner's former producers, who had since left the BBC to work as a freelance writer and director – to write a story which would introduce the android as a regular. This decision was unpopular with Saward, who disliked Dudley's work; he and Dudley had clashed during October over

BACKGROUND KING JOHN

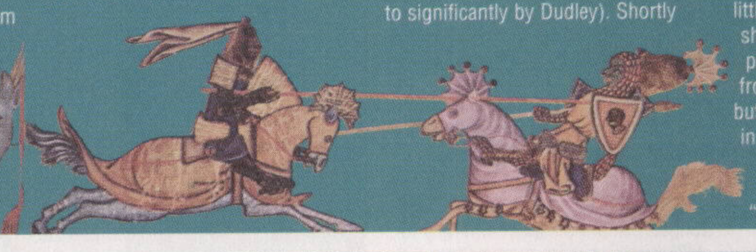
John was the youngest child of King Henry II and his second wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine. His 'dead brothers' (referred to in Terence Dudley's script) were William (who had died in infancy), Henry the Younger (who was crowned king in 1170 to ensure succession), King Richard I (who had reigned before John) and Geoffrey of Brittany. The Angevin Kings – descending from Geoffrey Plantagenet of Anjou, who had married Matilda, the daughter of King Henry I – were believed by common folk to be in league with the devil, a fact again referred to by Dudley. Physically, John was tough, stout and energetic. He was a man of inconsistent moods – cruel, passionate, greedy, repellent, clever and charitable – and this, too, was reflected in the scripts.

Documents generated by the monastic authors of John's reign painted a very unsympathetic picture of the King (Dudley's script refers to the monks' superstition); they saw him as a pillager of his own people. John had also clashed with the Church over the appointment of the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1205; this problem grew in the following years with John seizing property from the clerics and exiling bishops. He was had to make substantial amends to Rome in 1213, agreeing to hold his kingdom as a fief of the papacy and to pay a tribute each year.

In particular, two writers of St Albans, Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris, created the image of 'Bad King John' following the ruler's death. Certainly, John had a capacity for cruelty – including political murder, torture and mass hangings – although in this respect he was no worse than other contemporary rulers. It was probably his fanatical drive to collect money in scutage which painted the darkest picture of him to his subjects. Because John had difficulty in retaining the loyalty of the barons, he ruled them through fear, insisting on a payment of scutage from barons who had not participated in his expedition to Poitou – from which the King had returned, defeated, in October 1214. However, some of the barons remained loyal to John, even during his crisis of 1215-16. One of these was Ranulf III, the Earl of Chester, a highly influential and respected baron. Another was Walter de Lacy who, alongside his brother Hugh, was a baron with Irish holdings. These figures would appear to have generated some of Dudley's subsidiary character names. The ruler of France at the time was King Philip Augustus, another of the Angevin Kings and a distant relative to John; Philip is referred to in Part Two as the figure the Master wishes to put in John's place.

In spring 1215 came the unrest which was to lead to rebellion and civil war. The hated Angevin government had been exploiting the population, and John's frenzied quest for funds and prickly personality had not helped matters. In the early months of the year, John placated the Church. Pope Innocent III urged him to take the crusader's cross and gain papal protection; this John did on Ash Wednesday, March 4 (events referred to significantly by Dudley). Shortly after receiving the cross, John offered concessions to the barons as advised by the Pope, but these were rejected. There was no agreement when he met with the barons who had mustered the conjuratio – a sworn band opposed to his rule on principle – by April 26 they had marched on John's forces, renouncing their fealty on May 5. Rebellion occurred, forcing John to negotiate in June, finally making his agreement with them at Runymede on June 15 to seal the draft of the Article of Barons; 19 June saw the signing of Magna Carta (in Part One, the Doctor states they are three months from Magna Carta). Magna Carta was contrived to put limits on John's authority, with the barons demanding the restoration of the laws of Henry I.

Magna Carta was not terribly powerful at the time; its importance in English history was re-considered in the 17th century when lawyers wished to find a means of placing limits upon the powers of the Crown. John had little of his reign left; in October 1216, shortly before his death, John had his possessions moved to Lincolnshire from King's Lynn across an estuary, but these were swept away by the tide; in Part One, Tegan makes reference to John losing the crown jewels in the Wash, which the Doctor says is "next year".



Dudley's script for the spin-off special *K9 and Company*. To familiarise the writer with the robot, a second demonstration was arranged for Nathan-Turner, Saward and Dudley at Imagineering's UNIT 22 workshop at Witney in Oxfordshire around Christmas 1981. Dudley came up with the name Kamelion and suggested that the android could change shape – allowing actors to perform scenes beyond the robot's ability. Nathan-Turner agreed to use the prop, and asked Padmore to work on it in the coming months, particularly with regard to perfecting the walking mechanism.

Another requirement was that the serial should also incorporate the Doctor's arch enemy the Master, now played by actor Anthony Ainley. Ainley was contracted to appear one serial per season, and at this point his character had not yet been used in Season Twenty. Nathan-Turner was keen for Kamelion to be the Master's latest secret weapon. Saward was less happy with the Master's return; although he felt that Ainley delivered a good performance, he was unhappy with the Master's basic character.

Dudley was formally commissioned on Monday 22 February 1982 to write a two-part serial called *The Android*. (Apparently, other suggested titles for the serial were *The Demons* and *A Knight's Tale* – and, following production, a few publicity pictures would be issued bearing the title *Demons Keeper*, and variant spellings thereof.) Dudley delivered drafts of both episodes on Thursday 22 April, as the final scripts for Season Twenty were being assembled. It was decided that Dudley's serial, now called *The King's Demons*, would be made and broadcast in the penultimate slot of the season.

The King (Gerald Flood) looks over the spread that Ranulf (Frank Windsor) has prepared in his honour. Tegan (Janet Fielding) is unimpressed

BBC Video [2]

Dudley defined the place and time of his narrative on the script's opening page: "March 3rd, 1215. Odiham, England." The TARDIS lands on 4 March, as stated by the Doctor. Describing the main characters, Dudley indicated that Lord Ranulf fitz William was "a distinguished man of fifty-five"; his wife, Lady Isabella, was "seventeen years younger" than her husband. Their son, Hugh, was "twenty years old . . . sensitive looking and slight of frame". Ranulf's cousin, Sir Geoffrey de Lacey (also spelled 'de Lacy'), was "a sturdy man in his middle thirties". King John was described as "a dark, handsome man with neatly bobbed hair and a well-trimmed spade beard. He wears a crown. He is forty eight years old"; originally, Ranulf tells the Doctor that the King "is not as I have known him for many years". The Master's alter-ego, Sir Gilles Estram (also referred to as 'Sir Giles'; 'Estram' is an anagram of 'Master'), was "in his mid-Forties, of average height but with powerful shoulders. He wears a full, black beard and aggressive eyebrows" and speaks "with a French accent". Ranulf claims that John has not favoured the French before, although French would have been the language of the court at this time.

There were a few other dialogue changes before production. When pretending to arrest Sir Geoffrey in Part Two, the Doctor was to say "A friend in need is a friend in deed" – and then wink at

Ranulf before repeating, "Deed?" There was more Part Two dialogue between the Doctor and Tegan concerning the Master's tampering with the foundation of parliamentary democracy. Some of the play-acting between the Doctor and Tegan in which the former urges the latter to get into the TARDIS was removed (originally the Doctor asks her, "Dare you betray me?").

For the swordfight, Dudley noted that: "It is immediately apparent that the Doctor is a skilful swordsman but very much out of practice" (the Doctor's swordplay had previously featured in serials such as *The Sea Devils* and *The Androids of Tara*). Dudley's script indicated that: "The fighting takes in tables, around and on top, and other obstacles. A chandelier perhaps?"

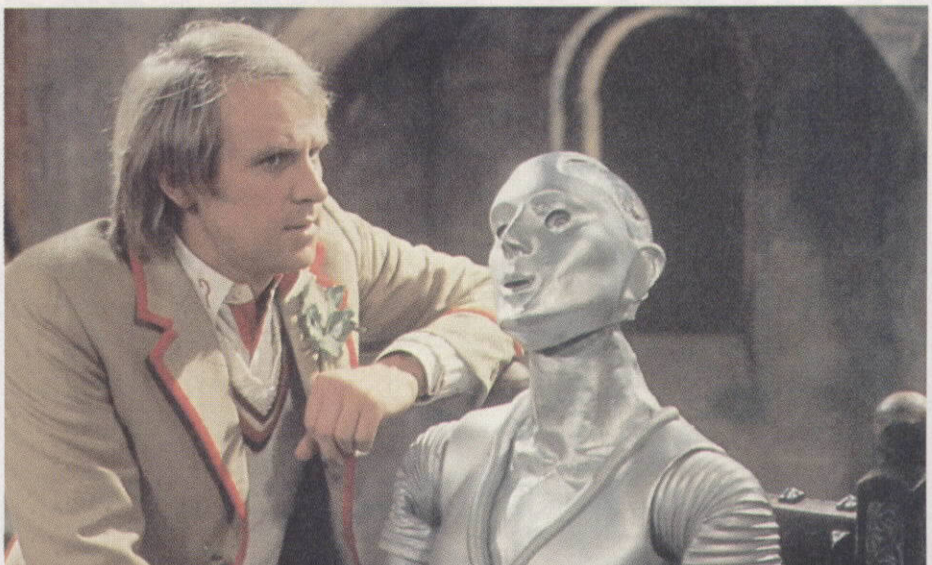
Continuity references included: Tegan's considering the possibility of a Black Guardian trap in Part One; the Master's being armed with his Tissue Compression Eliminator; and comments about the Master escaping from Xeraphas to follow on from his previous appearance in *Time-Flight*. In an early draft, the Master was to remove a 'Sir Gilles' mask to reveal his true identity. Originally, Part One ended with the Master saying to the Doctor: "You have been obtuse!" The Doctor's correspondent retort at the start of Part Two was to have been: "Not at all! You may be the master of disguise but I was already onto your game." In Part Two's original dialogue, the Doctor would have referred to the Master having a new TARDIS. As scripted, the Doctor was to place the Master's Tissue Compression Eliminator against the Iron Maiden, before leaving it on the floor beside the TARDIS; later, he would tell his enemy that he has left the TCE "with the other diabolical artefacts, in the dungeon" ("You are generous," says the Master. "I can afford to be," counters the Doctor).

Dudley introduced Kamelion as "a gleaming, metallic android which strums a lute as it sings. The android turns . . . to greet the Doctor. It is *sans* hair, *sans* clothes". The script established that the robot was created by a former invader of Xeraphas; its form is governed by concentration and psycho-kinetics.

The concluding TARDIS scene was designed to dovetail into the final serial planned for the season, *The Return* – a Dalek storyline which Saward had commissioned from himself on Saturday 13 March. After the Doctor explains what has happened to the Master, and the Master has left the castle in his TARDIS, the final scene had the TARDIS shuddering and spinning. Toiling at the console, the Doctor says that they are out of control: "We're trapped in a time corridor." "The Master?" asks Tegan. "No," says the Doctor, "I have the feeling it's someone even more evil than him."

SCRIPTING THE KING'S DEMONS

In dialogue, references are made to the Doctor, Tegan and Turlough being demons. The Doctor is referred to as 'Lucifer', a middle-ages name for the Devil. Tegan is called 'Lilith' after ancient Semitic legends concerning an evil female demon; it was also the Hebrew name given to witches in medieval legend.



> **"Before Kamelion had even clambered about the TARDIS, we had already decided to commission a story to get rid of it"**
>
> **John Nathan-Turner**

Recording of the second half of Season Twenty was plagued with problems. Firstly, *Terminus*' late October recording over-ran, and an extra studio day was found for a remount during production of the next serial, *Enlightenment*. Then industrial action hit the BBC; both *Terminus*' remount and recordings for *Enlightenment* scheduled for Tuesday 16 and Wednesday 17 November and Tuesday 30 November to Thursday 2 December 1982 were abandoned (although filming had taken place at Ealing in early November). Because *Enlightenment* both concluded the Black Guardian trilogy and confirmed Turlough as a member of the TARDIS crew, it was essential that it should complete production ready for broadcast in March 1983.

By mid-November it was clear that only one course of action was available: *The Return* would have to be postponed until the following season and *Enlightenment* completed in its place. The season was scheduled for production until February 1983, following which the anniversary serial *The Five Doctors* would be made. In addition, there had been problems in obtaining a response to scripts for *The Return* from Dalek creator Terry Nation, who was then resident in the United

TONY VIRGO DIRECTOR

talks to Peter Griffiths

“*Doctor Who* was my second directing job,” says *The King's Demons*' director, Tony Virgo. “I had previously done a couple of episodes of *Angels*, and then I was offered Terence Dudley's two-parter. Like most other BBC programmes at the time, *Angels* and *Doctor Who* were made in-house, and it was expected that people would be given those kind of shows to cut their teeth on.

“John Nathan-Turner was good at taking on new directors, but it was a bit of a gamble for him to offer me the show. Pennant Roberts used to do a lot of *Doctor Who*s, and he was good at it because he had a methodical mind. My mind didn't work like that, really . . .”

Tony joined the BBC as a clerk in 1968, and worked his way up from there. “I did a spell as an assistant floor manager and moved on to full floor managing, which is now called a first assistant director. I did that for eight or ten years, and then applied for the director's course. If you showed some aptitude, you could usually get a place . . .

“You had to do a project at the end of the course, so I asked the writer on the series *Nancy Astor* to write a small piece for me. You sent the finished product to all the producers in the building, and also those outside the BBC. John Nathan-Turner watched it, quite liked it and asked me to an interview. Eventually he said, ‘I'll see if I've got anything in the series coming up.’ This was in 1982. He usually gave the two-parters to the beginners so that if you messed it up, it wasn't a complete disaster.

> **“The two-parters were given to the beginners — so that if you messed it up, it wasn't a complete disaster!”**

“I thought the script was pretty good. It's difficult, you see. Having directed for over a decade now, I'd probably read it again and have second thoughts. I worked on it with Eric Saward, changing things here and there. Terry Dudley, the writer, was a strange guy. I'm not sure he liked me very much, actually . . .

“I liked *Doctor Who* in the earlier days for lots of reasons. The Doctors were better somehow. I like Peter Davison as a bloke, he's brilliant, but I'm not so sure he was quite eccentric enough. He was too logical and precise. Janet Fielding was very nice. She's now an agent, and she's quite strong – you have to mind your Ps and Qs around her! The regulars could be a bit outrageous at times, they had fun. Mark Strickson has just come back from living in Australia. I hadn't seen him for about ten years, but he called me about two months ago and we went out for a beer. Mark was great on *Doctor Who*. He knew I was cutting my teeth, and he helped a lot.

“John wanted to cast well-known faces in the series to help the overall feel, so part of your work as the director was to get those good names. Gerald Flood, our King John, had done a series called *Crane* for Rediffusion, and because I'd come up through television and loved it, he was a bit of a hero of mine. It's very difficult to work with people you really admire, because you get very self-conscious. He was a really great bloke and enjoyed the process of it all, but I don't think he was the healthiest bloke in the world. He smoked a lot and coughed a lot, and died shortly after.

“Frank Windsor I've worked with a few times, starting as a first assistant on *Softly, Softly*. He could be quite wicked actually, particularly if he knew it was your first show. He'd muck around, and you'd have to say, ‘Look, Frank, stop!’ You knew you were being had, the question was how long you put up with it! Isla Blair is the most gorgeous woman. She was terrific. She had a scene with Michael J Jackson, and I always remember saying to her, ‘Right, Isla, you've got to go down on Michael.’ There were so many jokes subsequently, but I was so naive. They were a great company, all of them.”

Kamelion, the robot intended as a new regular for the series, proved to be a trial. “The whizzkids told us it would have the dialogue programmed in and it would all be synchronised – the mouth would open in time to the words and all that. That was not what happened on the day, of course. One of the people involved died shortly beforehand, and all these groups are like two-man bands – if one goes, they're lost. It didn't synch up, and in the end we had to photograph around it. I seem to remember not finishing in the studio and having to pick up some stuff later on, which didn't go down terribly well, but it wasn't my fault. All we could do was cover the other people in the scenes so that we didn't have to drag them all back, and accept the fact that we had to do a remount on the shots of Kamelion. We had to wing it a bit.”

The recording of the story was also badly interrupted by a BBC strike. “I remember all that. It was too much pressure. As a staff director, you were ‘encouraged’, told you had to make it work, that your career depended on it. I used to fight that a bit because I didn't think it was fair. I didn't deliberately go slowly, but if something's going to be done, it should be done well. John Nathan-Turner and I had tense moments in the gallery, I think because of my approach. I was committed to getting things done properly, whereas John was all for finishing on time and making the best out of it. He'd be saying, ‘Come on, come on, it's eight o'clock and we haven't gotten to scene XYZ!’

“I liked John very much, but we didn't quite see things the same way. I hadn't seen much of him previously because he was busy with different stages of production, exhibitions and so forth, but he was always there in the studio. He'd see the whole night through. We had a Great Hall set with a big crane in it – I played with a few toys, actually, which I think got up his nose! I wanted this to be the best thing I'd done.

“I'll give you an example. In the story, we had to have some jousting, so we went down to Bodiam Castle, which was the closest castle to London in reasonable condition, for two days. One was a great day weather-wise, blue skies and all, but the following day it poured down with rain. Now, I'd worked with a director who'd done a movie for CBS with a big jousting scene, so I went around to talk with him and came away with all these designs and a storyboard with a hundred shots. The cameraman who filmed the location work was a replacement for the normal one, but I was dead pleased because he was brilliant! I showed him the storyboard and he said, ‘This is easy, I'll just work off this.’

“But we ran out of time. You can't be that ambitious. I think I was just too complicated and wanted too many shots. It was a classic situation. I got to the jousting, the main sequence, right at the end when it was pouring with rain because I'd spent most of my time on the periphery, the characters watching and the crowds. I'd also shot my *Angels* episodes in a complicated way, trying to bite off more than I could chew, so I learned my lesson.

“I wasn't offered another *Doctor Who*, but I went on to other things, so it wasn't a big deal. . . I went on to do soap operas – *EastEnders* and *Emmerdale Farm*, and then *All Creatures Great and Small*. I seem to be stuck with animals!”

Tony subsequently worked on *The Bill* – “I could work on police drama forever” – and *Peak Practice* before starting his own company, Ikona Films; he was mid-way through filming *The Vet* when I spoke to him. Like so many of the talented people who worked on *Doctor Who*, he's gone on to a very successful television career. “When I did *Doctor Who*, it was all pretty terrifying. It's one thing when you're a floor manager in one of those Shepherds Bush studios, but another when you're the director. It taught me a lot. Thinking back, it was one of those series which everybody knew. It's got a fan club everywhere, so you were pretty scared of mucking it up. The interest in the one two-parter I've done is extraordinary.”

BBC Video [4] Griffiths [1] Barnes [1]

LOCATIONS THE CASTLES

Terence Dudley's script specified the location of fitz William Castle as Odiham Castle. This was situated near Basingstoke in Hampshire and was built between 1207 and 1212; indeed in 1216 King John and his force defended the castle against Louis of France for eight days. However, only the octagonal keep still stands; the rest is a ruin. Location shooting was therefore conducted at Bodiam Castle, a National Trust property near Bodiam, a small village in Sussex. This castle post-dates the serial; it was constructed in 1385 during the reign of Richard II because of the fear of French naval raids.

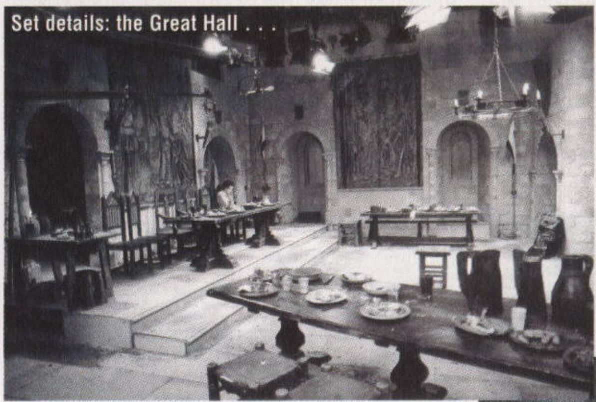
States. *The Return*'s scheduled director, Peter Grimwade, attended a planning meeting with Saward and his designers – and when it became clear that the serial was off, Grimwade took the team out to lunch at Television Centre to commiserate. According to Saward, Nathan-Turner, who was busy elsewhere, was angered to discover that he had not been invited to the meal; Grimwade had intended to discuss the situation with the producer over an evening meal at a later date. At this point, Nathan-Turner's relationships with both Saward and Grimwade began to sour.

The director assigned to *The King's Demons* was Tony Virgo, a former production assistant on programmes such as *Blake's 7*. Set designer Ken Ledsham had previously worked on *The Ribos Operation* and *Destiny of the Daleks*, while costume designer Colin Lavers was a veteran of both *The Power of Kroll* and *Four to Doomsday*. Make-up artist Elizabeth Rowell was also new to *Doctor Who*, but visual effects were supervised by Tony Harding, a designer on several serials since 1977's *The Invisible Enemy*.

The cast assembled for a read-through on the morning of Friday 3 December at St Mary Abbots Church Hall on Vicarage Gate, London W8. The film material was also rehearsed; afterwards, Gerald Flood – the actor cast as both King John and the voice of Kamelion – travelled to Television Centre to record Kamelion's dialogue.

Shooting on 16mm film took place in rain and winter winds at Bodiam Castle in Bodiam, East Sussex between Sunday 5 and Tuesday 7 December 1982; cast and crew were based at the nearby town of Hawkhurst. Work on the Sunday ran through the daylight hours of 9.30am to 4.00pm and required the regular cast of Peter Davison, Janet Fielding and Mark Strickson, plus Ainley and Michael J Jackson, playing Sir Geoffrey. For Ainley, who appeared on this day in his Sir Gilles wig and beard, this was his first work on the series since *Time-Flight* in February. The regular cast, meanwhile, had been stood down since the strikes in early November; during the previous few weeks, Davison and Ainley had begun rehearsals on *Cinderella*, a pantomime written and directed by Nathan-Turner and produced by *The Leisure Hive*'s director, Lovett Bickford, in Tunbridge Wells.

The first sequence to be filmed was the Part One sequence showing the TARDIS being taken into the castle. This was followed by the scene where Sir Geoffrey is confronted by Sir Gilles; as scripted, this was to have ended with a larger fight in which Geoffrey's squire would be killed. This fight sequence was arranged by John Waller, a founder member of the Society of British Fight Directors and Chairman of the Medieval Society; stuntmen Brian Bowes and Nick Wilkinson appeared as knights. The final scene scheduled for the day showed the Doctor, Tegan, Turlough and Geoffrey discovering that the TARDIS has gone. Fielding regretted her choice of skirt for the serial, which left her unprotected against the bitter winter weather.

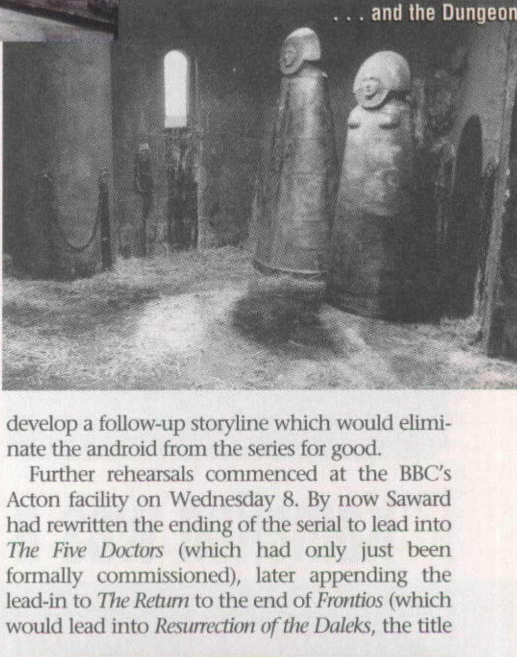


Set details: the Great Hall . . .

Work began again at 8.30am on Monday 6; the day was devoted to Part One's jousting sequences. The cast were joined by guest artists Frank Windsor, Isla Blair, Christopher Villiers and Gerald Flood, playing the fitz Williams and the King respectively. Windsor was best known as John Watt in *Z Cars* and spin-offs such as *Softly, Softly*, but had also appeared in television shows as diverse as *A For Andromeda* and Jack Rosenthal's *There's a Hole in Your Dustbin, Delilah*. Isla Blair, the wife of actor Julian Glover, had featured in television shows like *When the Boat Comes In*, *The Crezz* and *The History Man*. Flood was made up as King John after mediaeval depictions at Canterbury Cathedral. Shooting through the poor weather, the bulk of the jousting was completed with Bowes doubling for Ainley and Wilkinson doubling for Villiers. Shooting was covered by a photographer from the local paper, the *Brighton Evening Argus*.

The final location day, Tuesday 7, began with the completion of the jousting material and continued with Part Two scenes set around the castle's stables and tower featuring Strickson and Jackson. These sequences showed Turlough helping Geoffrey to depart by horse for London, Geoffrey being shot (here, Jackson was doubled by Bowes) and Turlough being captured by the Master's men-at-arms as he attempts to pacify Geoffrey's horse (this final sequence was abandoned due to lack of time). Former companion Sarah Sutton, who had left the series with *Terminus*, travelled down from London to film a special promotional item alongside Davison and Fielding wishing BBC viewers a Merry Christmas; Strickson was not involved because Turlough would not debut in the series until February 1983. It was apparently on this day that Nathan-Turner left filming early to travel to the Theatre Royal in Brighton where he had a meeting with Davison's predecessor, Tom Baker, whom he hoped to persuade to appear in *The Five Doctors*.

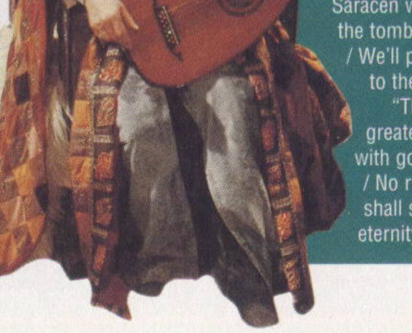
By now, there were already major concerns with the Kamelion prop. The walking mechanism had not been perfected, and the voice recording was causing problems; this was largely due to the fact that Mike Power had been killed in a boating accident during the year. There were also arguments between the technician's unions as to who could operate the android; the prop required a power source and only union members could plug in the supply. In addition, Flood's speech had taken two weeks to program into the prop's computer memory. Even before studio recording began, Nathan-Turner had decided that the robot would have to be written out and omitted from any future storylines. By March 1983, Nathan-Turner and Saward would have commissioned Grimwade to develop a follow-up storyline which would eliminate the android from the series for good.



. . . and the Dungeon

Further rehearsals commenced at the BBC's Acton facility on Wednesday 8. By now Saward had rewritten the ending of the serial to lead into *The Five Doctors* (which had only just been formally commissioned), later appending the lead-in to *The Return* to the end of *Frontios* (which would lead into *Resurrection of the Daleks*, the title

MUSIC THE KING'S SONG



Dudley indicated that the feast should be attended by minstrels playing "flutes and recorders". Dudley also wrote a song for the King around the crusades in Palestine to free the Holy Lands for the Church, and the scutage paid by landowners in lieu of taking part in conflict:

"We sing in praise of total war / Against the Saracen we abhor / To free the tomb of Christ our Lord / We'll put the known world to the sword.

"There is no glory greater than / To serve with gold the Son of man. / No riches here on Earth shall see / No scutage in eternity."

eventually given the broadcast version of *The Return*). The new ending had the Doctor saying that he would take Tegan home, but actually setting the course for the Eye of Orion, knowing that he can persuade the argumentative Australian to stay. Other changes prior to recording included the removal of Tegan's line "Well, that's not what I was taught . . ." when the Doctor talks about King John's 'true' history, and also Part Two dialogue in which the Doctor tells Tegan that the co-ordinates are set and she should lock herself in the TARDIS.

In preparing to act out their scenes with the Kamelion prop, the cast had rehearsed with the tapes of Flood's voice in order to time their delivery correctly around the robot; this proved awkward, and limited their performances. Strickson particularly disliked the story; the character of Turlough was, he felt, overlooked, and spent most of the serial locked in a cell.

GERALD FLOOD KAMELION

Gerald Flood was born into a naval family in Portsmouth. During the war he was a wireless operator, and then became a filing clerk before taking the plunge as an actor and joining Farnham Rep Company. His stage work included tours in plays as diverse as *Hamlet* and *Charley's Aunt* and, in the late fifties, he started to appear frequently on television. He appeared as the heroic reporter Conway Henderson in *Pathfinders in Space*, an ABC family SF serial produced by Sydney Newman; he reprised this role in its sequels, and then played the near-identical character of Mark Bannerman in *Plateau of Fear* and its sequels. His first major success was Colonel Mahmoud in Associated-Rediffusion's popular thriller series *Crane*. Remaining at A-R, he then starred as British Intelligence agent Peregrine Smith in *The Rat Catchers*. Other television work included appearances in *Man in a Suitcase*, *Strange Report*, *Crown Court*, *Raffles* and *Return of the Saint*.

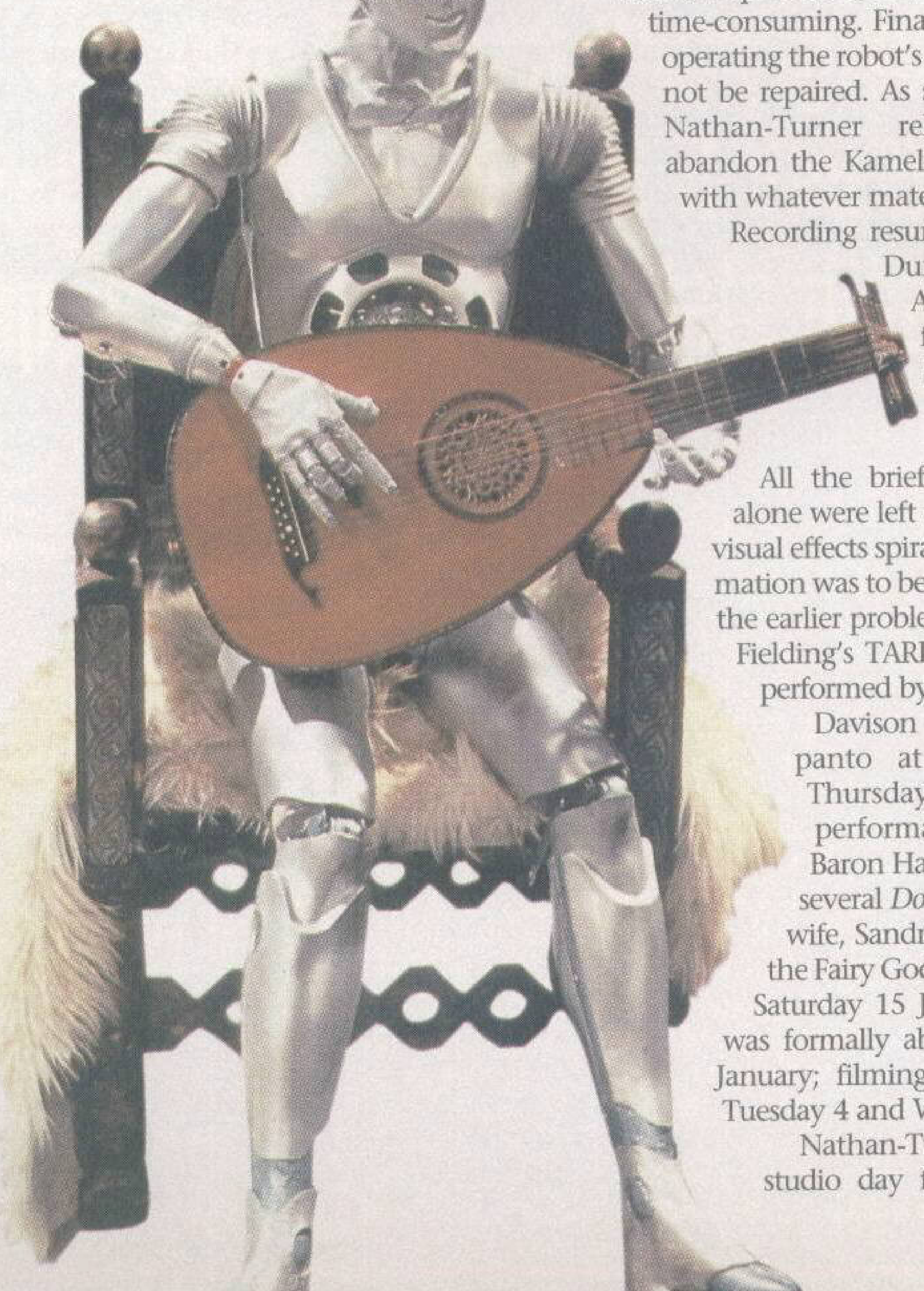
> "Kamelion was a complete disaster. It was laughable, hysterical!"
>
> **Mark Strickson**

An extra studio day was allocated to the start of *The King's Demons* recording session; this was Saturday 18 December, when Sutton returned to complete recording on *Terminus*. The two-day recording block for *The King's Demons* spanned Sunday 19 and Monday 20 December 1982 in Studio 1 at Television Centre; it was planned to record between 2.30 and 5.15pm, then between 7.30 and 10pm on each day.

All the scenes featuring Ainley as Sir Gilles were performed first. Thus, recording began with the Part One scenes in the Dungeon set and adjoining corridor, followed by the Part One Great Hall sequences, beginning with the serial's establishing glass shot which showed the high roof of Castle fitz William. Dogs were hired for this sequence, as were lute player Jakob Lindberg and diminutive actor Peter Burroughs as a jester. The lute music for the King's song was pre-recorded by Lindberg and Peter Howell of the Radiophonic Workshop; this was played back in studio, with Flood, singing to the music, miming playing the lute. Recording continued through to the fight sequence which concluded Part One, whereupon Ainley was made up as the Master. In the exchange where Tegan urges the Doctor not to fight Sir Gilles, the Doctor was meant to hand the TARDIS key to her "In case of accidents". The fight was performed by Davison and Ainley, and arranged by Waller; it was recorded with several breaks to move cameras and take cut-away shots.

Davison and Fielding acted out the Part One scenes set in the castle's Guest Chamber before recording resumed in the Great Hall with the Master being revealed (the actual transformation was achieved in the later gallery session by lining up a shot of Ainley as the Master with a shot of his image as Sir Gilles).

It seems that recording on the second day, Monday 20, began in the Great Hall with Part Two scenes featuring Ainley in Sir Gilles' costume but the Master's make-up, and continued with Part One scenes showing Ainley as Sir Gilles. A shot of the Master catching the dagger thrown by Tegan was recorded in reverse. A recording pause was scheduled to achieve the dematerialisation of the Master's Iron Maiden-cum-TARDIS. Following this, most of the scenes in the Castle Corridor set were recorded, including a scene written to bridge the possible loss of the two filmed inserts to Part Two showing Sir Geoffrey being wounded. In this, Geoffrey and Turlough are surrounded by Castle guards; Turlough is captured and Geoffrey is impaled.



A minstrel (Jakob Lindberg) plucks away at his instrumen to the delight of the court – Sir Gilles, the King, Ranulf, Lady Isabella (Isla Blair) and Hugh (Christopher Villiers)

Part Two's remaining Great Hall scenes were taped next, with Ainley as the Master; Blair and Jackson got a fit of the giggles during Geoffrey's death scene. Recorded next were the King's Chamber and adjoining corridor scenes featuring Kamelion. Operated by Padmore, the Kamelion robot required some 15 minutes' programming before each scene. The prop continually broke down; the speech went out of synch with its mouth movements and the robot's electronics had to be repaired on set. After several attempts, it became clear that the complex transformation scenes required later in these scenes would be too time-consuming. Finally, the hydraulic system operating the robot's arms jammed, and could not be repaired. As studio time ticked away, Nathan-Turner reluctantly decided to abandon the Kamelion scenes and press on with whatever material he could.

Recording resumed with two Part Two Dungeon scenes featuring Ainley as the Master, followed by all the scenes in the Master's TARDIS and the [Doctor's] TARDIS Console Room. All the brief scenes showing Tegan alone were left until last, after which the visual effects spiral for Kamelion's transformation was to be recorded. Unfortunately, the earlier problems meant that several of Fielding's TARDIS scenes had not been performed by the 10pm deadline.

Davison and Ainley opened in panto at Tunbridge Wells on Thursday 23 December; their performances as Buttons and Baron Hardup were augmented by several *Doctor Who* jokes. Davison's wife, Sandra Dickinson, appeared as the Fairy Godmother. The show ran to Saturday 15 January 1983. *The Return* was formally abandoned on Monday 3 January; filming had been planned for Tuesday 4 and Wednesday 5.

Nathan-Turner secured an extra studio day for the remount of *The King's Demons* at the start of *Enlightenment*'s first recording block: taping took place in TC1 between 2.30 and 5.15pm, then between 7.30 and 10pm on Monday 17 January. There were a few crew changes due to the fact that some of Virgo's original team were no longer available; Frances Hannon, for example, took over from Elizabeth Rowell. Cast required comprised the four regulars, Ainley, Flood, Windsor, Villiers and four extras playing men-at-arms. By now, Saward had rewritten the closing scene once more; now, Tegan was to argue with the Doctor about Kamelion remaining on board the TARDIS.

Recording began with the first two King's Chamber scenes, followed by the concluding TARDIS scene. The start of this was taped twice, with Fielding in different positions and recording pauses to set in Kamelion. Extra dialogue was added at the last moment to clarify that it had been the Doctor's use of the Tissue Compression Eliminator which had jammed the Master's TARDIS' dematerialisation circuits. After this, the remaining two King's Chamber scenes were taped, followed by four of the five scenes showing Tegan in the TARDIS and the Kamelion transformation effect. Work with the Kamelion prop was again slow, but better progress was made and the scenes were eventually completed. For the sequences in which Kamelion is seen to change its form, the dialogue for the transformation was recorded first and then re-performed with Davison, Ainley, Flood or Fielding taking the place of the robot itself.

Very little gallery effects work was required on the serial; the two main elements were the rippling of Sir Gilles' features into those of the Master and the Kamelion's transformation effects during the Doctor and the Master's mental battle.

Only minor cuts were made to the two episodes. The end of the Great Hall scene in which Sir Gilles leads Isabella away was trimmed. In the cut shots, Ranulf threatens "If so much as a hair comes to harm . . ." to which Sir Gilles retorts, "A matter which rests entirely with you, my lord." Ranulf then draws his sword and makes to leave the Great Hall. A short insert showing Sir Gilles and Isabella in the corridors was also cut. Trimmed following Ranulf's leaving the Doctor and Tegan was Tegan enquiring as to what is going on, to which the Doctor replies "Want to help me find out?" The opening shot of the next Great Hall scene, showing the jester jumping from the table, was cut.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC JONATHAN GIBBS

After studying at Cambridge, Jonathan Gibbs joined the BBC as a studio manager. His first attachment to the BBC Radiophonic Workshop went well, and he was invited back to cover for Elizabeth Parker, who was on maternity leave; during this time he scored *Tales from the South China Seas*. He formally joined the Workshop in January 1983.

Trims to Part Two included the end of the Dungeon scene in which the Master appears. After Turlough urges Isabella and Hugh not to listen to the new arrival, the Master says "Heed not this beardless youth! Come lady! I will return you to the bosom of your husband" – and the group exit, leaving Turlough alone. The start of the next Great Hall scene was removed to eliminate a couple of lines of dialogue in which Tegan asks the Doctor what his plan is. The end of the film sequence where the TARDIS has apparently vanished was also dropped. Here, as the Doctor turns back to the castle, Tegan quotes "Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly." "I quite like spiders," says the Doctor. "Surely not ones that can kill you," counters Tegan.

Although Peter Howell had been scheduled to provide the incidental music score for the serial, the production delays meant that Howell was now committed to producing the score for *Inferno Revisited*, a radio play commemorating 25 years of the Radiophonic Workshop, which was due for broadcast in April 1983. (Howell did, however, complete the 30 seconds' *Banquet Music* played by Lindberg on the lute in Part One, and the one minute of the *King's Song*.) The remaining 20 minutes' music was composed by Jonathan Gibbs, a newcomer to *Doctor Who* whose electronic composition was augmented with more lute music from Lindberg and percussion from Tim Barry.

To hide the fact that Sir Gilles was, in fact, the Master, *Radio Times* cast lists were printed omitting Ainley's name, instead crediting the role of Sir Gilles to 'James Stoker' – an anagram of 'Master's Joke'. As usual, *The King's Demons* was broadcast with Ceefax subtitles for the hard of hearing; these were written by Kerena Merchant, a severely deaf lady who had made use of a new piece of equipment developed by the BBC Design Department. Part Two concluded Season Twenty and was followed by a special trailer for the BBC's forthcoming Longleat Celebration, Twenty Years of a Time Lord; this comprised the trailers for *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* (*100,000 BC*, *The Krotons*, *Carnival of Monsters* and *Logopolis*) and *Castrovalva*. The

CHRISTOPHER VILLIERS HUGH

talks to Anthony Townsend

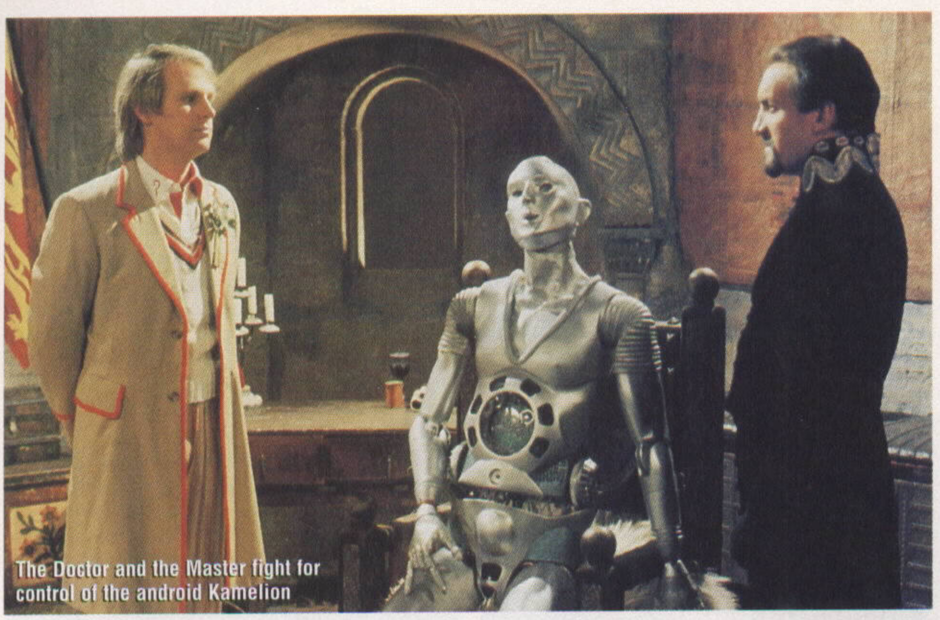
"Peter Davison was great, so sweet," remembers Christopher Villiers, who played the youngest of the medieval fitz William family in *The King's Demons*. "Frank Windsor was playing my Dad and Isla Blair my Mum, and Peter was just delighted that real actors wanted to come and be in *Doctor Who*. He was desperate that everybody had fun, and we did . . ." Part of which, of course, involved jousting – not that Christopher performed those sequences himself. "I didn't, no. But there were two twin horses, and one of them was trained to rear. I was on the rearing horse, but didn't know it, and I brought the horse forward into shot, and went with my lance to go and salute the King, and just touched on the reins to bring the horse to a standstill, and it reared up. I thought, 'Aargh!' but just said, 'You did get that on film, didn't you?', pretending it was my impressive horsemanship.

"The dialogue was fine, but the story was a bit confusing. I would have quite liked it to have been a real monster, rather than the Master. I do sympathise with those poor buggers who have to spend hours in Make-Up getting to look like something green with lots of tentacles, but it would have been quite fun to have a real monster. Instead we had Isla Blair, who is not a real monster at all. We've been friends for many years, starting there . . .

Heavy metal: Turlough (Mark Strickson) shrinks in fear of Hugh's Iron Maiden collection

"Gerald Flood played the King all waspish and wily, as he should be. I thought he was very good. Of course, I spent most of my time with Frank and Isla, and Peter Davison, laughing. I think most people did. If you did *Doctor Who*, you just did it for the crack, and that sort of fun comes over on the screen. It's very sad they're not making it any more."

BBC Video [3]



The Doctor and the Master fight for control of the android Kamelion

> **"If Anthony Ainley was sending it up it wasn't greatly apparent — the Master is a very pantomimesque character"**
>
> **Eric Saward**

following evening, Peter Davison, Jon Pertwee and Patrick Troughton appeared with Sue Lawley on *Nationwide* to promote both *The Five Doctors* and the series' anniversary.

Viewing figures for the serial were the lowest of the season. Part One, transmitted against high-rating soap operas *Crossroads* and *Emmerdale Farm* in most ITV regions, got the lowest figures in two years with barely five million viewers. The Wednesday competition included local news programmes, *Crossroads* and *This is Your Life*. Audience appreciation index ratings were also the lowest of the season, and critical comments from viewers about Ainley's French 'Sir Gilles' accent aired on the Friday 25 March edition of *Points of View*.

The King's Demons was then selected to be repeated in July 1984. *Radio Times*' Part Two listing was accompanied by monochrome photographs of Kamelion and the Master; Davison appeared with wife Sandra Dickinson on *Good Morning Britain* earlier that same day. The Ratings were particularly low for the repeat, which ran against the popular ITV gameshow *Winner Takes All*.

Gibbs assembled a suite of music from *The King's Demons* for the BBC LP and cassette *Doctor Who – The Music II*, which was issued in February 1985. This was later included on the November 1992 Silva Screen CD *Doctor Who: The Five Doctors*. In adapting and expanding his scripts for the subsequent novelisation, Dudley relocated the action to Wallingford Castle and included a larger role for the gaoler, now named Cedric (something apparently dropped at the storyline stage). *Doctor Who – The King's Demons* was published by W H Allen in hardback in February 1986, with a cover painting by David McAllister; the paperback edition, numbered 108, was published by Target the following July. *The King's Demons* was Dudley's final work on *Doctor Who*; he directed *Chips Comic* in 1984 and died, after a long illness, on Christmas Day 1988.

The serial has been sold abroad to countries such as Australia (broadcast 1983), Germany, New Zealand (May 1989) and North America (where it is also syndicated as a TV Movie of 48 minutes' duration). Representing the most recent episode then available, *The King's Demons* Part Two was shown to round off a selection of *Doctor Who* episodes shown at the National Film Theatre on Sunday 30 October 1983. UK Gold broadcast the serial in episodic form in August 1994 and compilation form in October 1994, August 1996 and February 1998. BBC Video released *The King's Demons* in a boxed set alongside a special edition of *The Five Doctors* in November 1995; the cover painting was by Colin Howard. The BBC Film and Videotape Library retains the original two-inch, 625-line videotapes. **DWM**

BBC Video [1]

SERIAL 6J THE KING'S DEMONS

CAST **Peter Davison** *The Doctor* with **Gerald Flood** *The King*, **Frank Windsor** *Ranulf*, **Anthony Ainley** *The Master**, **Isla Blair** *Isabella*, **Christopher Villiers** *Hugh*, **Peter Burroughs** *Jester* [1], **Mark Strickson** *Turlough*, **Janet Fielding** *Tegan*, **Michael J Jackson** *Sir Geoffrey*.

EXTRAS **Malcolm Ross, Kevin O'Brien, David Cole, Mike Mungarvan** *Ranulf's Knights*; **Gwynne Sullivan, Russell Brook, Bob Tarff, Darrell Brook, Terry Wallis, Stephen Gressieux, Michael Leader, Peter Dukes** *Men at Arms*; **Eliza Paul, Mary Morse-Boycott, Carly Hawkins, Jill Goldston** *Ladies in Waiting*; **Colin Forsyth, Terence Brooke, Paul Ryan, Miles Ross, Adam Ross, John Cannon** *Retainers*; **David Ballard, David J Ross, Adrian Fenwick, Graham Stagg, Paul Lowther, Martin Lyder** *King's Knights*; **Paul Bowes** *Hugh's Squire*; **Terry Sachs** *Sir Gilles' Squire*; **Stephen Butler** *Hugh's Page*; **Wayne Harvey** *Sir Gilles' Page*; **Ralph Harvey, Dorian Van Bramm** *Knights*; **Jackie Slaughter, Rosamund Huntley, Marianne Bergin** *Ladies*; **David Cole, Nelson E Ward, Angela Daniels, Sandra Goldsmith** *Spectators*; **Henry Roberts** *Marshall*; **Nick Davies, Steve Jackson, Terence Duran** *Men at Arms*; **Joe Farley, Nick Orton, John Stoner** *Man at Arms/Spectators/Servants/Knights*; **Sue Kear, Audrey Harvey** *Spectators/Ladies*; **Brian Bowes** *Stunt Double for Sir Gilles*; **Nick Wilkinson** *Stunt Double for Hugh*; **Brian Bowes, Nick Wilkinson** *Knights*; **David Cole** *Beggar*; **Nelson E Ward, Angela Daniels, Sandra Goldsmith** *Retainers*; **Brian Bowes** *Carter*; **Darren Mango** *Carter's Boy*; **Phil Murray** *Sir Geoffrey's Squire*; **Tony Annis** *Gaoler*; **Brian Bowes** *Stunt Double for Sir Geoffrey**; **Chris Padmore** *Kamelion Operator*; **John Waller** *Stuntman/Man at Arms*; **Jerry Judge, Tony Steedman, Lloyd Williams, Mick McKenny** *Men at Arms*.

*Not in finished programme

CREDITS *Written by* **Terence Dudley**. *Fight Arranger* **John Waller**. *Lute Player* **Jakob Lindberg**. *Incidental Music* **Jonathan Gibbs, Peter Howell**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills, BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Production Manager* **Jeremy Silberston** [and **Jenny Osborn**, uncredited]. *Production Associate* **June Collins**. *Production Assistant* **Sue Upton**. *Assistant Floor Manager* **Sue Hedden**. *Film Cameraman* **Remi Adefarasin**. *Film Sound* **Simon Wilson**. *Film Editor* **Mike Robotham**. *Visual Effects Designer* **Anthony Harding**. *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman**. *Vision Mixer* **Nigel Finnis** [and **Paul Wheeler**, uncredited]. *Technical Manager* **Tony Troughton** [and **Malcolm Martin**]. *Senior Cameraman* **Alec Wheal**. *Videotape Editor* **Rod Waldron**. *Studio Lighting* **Peter Smee**. *Studio Sound* **Martin Ridout**. *Costume Designer* **Colin Lavers**. *Make-up Artist* **Elizabeth Rowell** [and **Frances Hannon**, uncredited]. *Script Editor* **Eric Saward**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**. *Designer* **Ken Ledsham**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director* **Tony Virgo**. *BBC © 1983*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Drn.	Rating (pos.)	A.App
Part One	15 March 1983	6.55-7.20pm	24'48"	5.8M (107th)	65
Part Two	16 March 1983	6.45-7.10pm	24'27"	7.2M (66th)	63
REPEAT					
Part One	6 July 1984	6.55-7.20pm	24'48"	3.3M (80th)	-
Part Two	13 July 1984	6.55-7.20pm	24'27"	5.0M (60th)	-

Debbie Watling 1
Debbie Watling 2
Debbie Watling 3
Debbie Watling 4
Debbie Watling 5
Mark Strickson 6
Mark Strickson 7
Elisabeth Sladen 8
Elisabeth Sladen 9
Elisabeth Sladen 10
Sarah Sutton 11
Sarah Sutton 12
Colin & Nicola 13
Jon Pertwee 14
Carole Ann Ford 15
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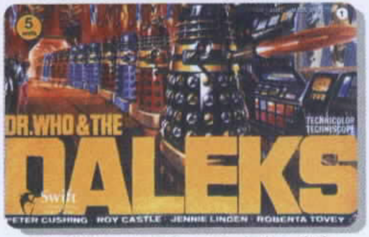
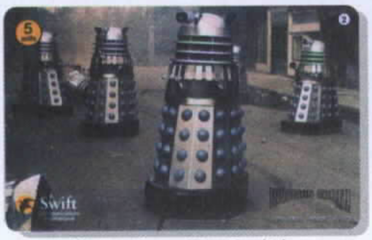


Dr Who & The Daleks (1)

Invasion Earth (1)

Dr Who & The Daleks (2)



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Fight for your rites

His *Doctor Who* debut, *The Stones of Blood*, marked a foray into rural diabolism – but former *Hammer House of Horror* scripter David Fisher would master entirely different styles in each of his five televised tales. Peter Griffiths meets the show's foremost late seventies storyteller . . .

David Fisher was one of the writing stalwarts of the later Tom Baker years, penning five *Doctor Whos* over three seasons. From Wolfweeds to Ogri, Taran beasts to Mafia lizards, his creations captured the flavour of the era – and his stories helped define it.

Speaking at his home in Suffolk, David tells me that he started out as a script reader at Ealing film studios. "Back then, that was about the lowest form of animal life. Cinema unfortunately hit a series of disasters and Ealing closed, and I went into advertising. I went to Paris and made advertising movies, and got interested in the animation side of things. I was offered a job making similar movies in Johannesburg, South Africa, but these were still the apartheid days and I found it a bit too much. So I came back after a year and got a job with Scottish Television. I was a staff writer for them for about six years. I went freelance in the late sixties and started writing scripts for the BBC. And I wrote an awful lot of stuff, for years and years, including some Hammer horrors."

Doctor Who was part and parcel of that distinguished career. David was familiar with the series. "I had small children who always watched it from behind the chairs, so I watched as well. It was great fun. At one stage, I remember I sent an idea for a kids' series to [*Doctor Who*'s original story editor] David Whitaker, and he said he couldn't do it because he was on *Who*, but would I like to write for *Who* instead? I said 'Yeah', but he left or I was doing other things and nothing ever came of it."

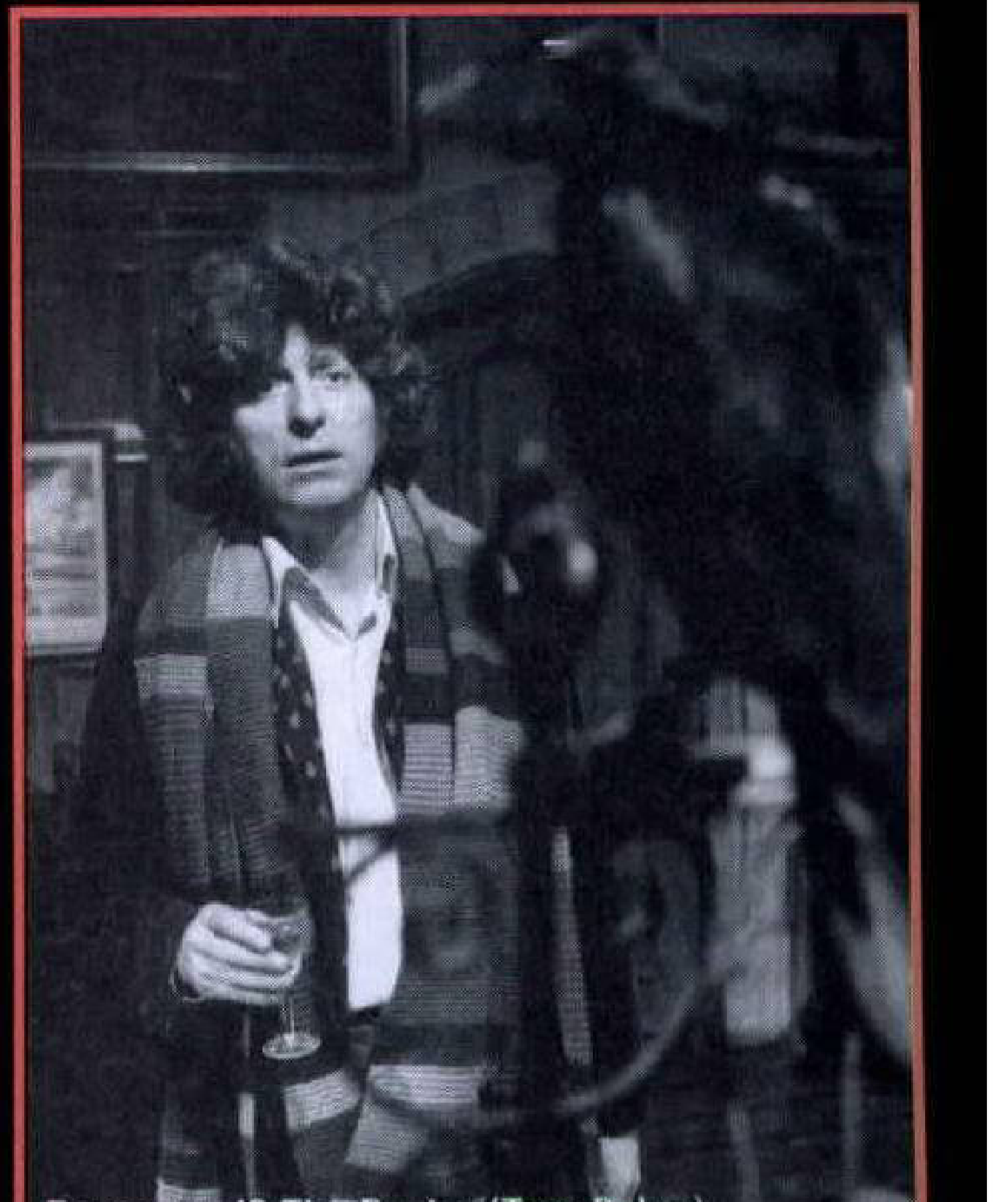
13 years later, Anthony Read was the latest incumbent in Whitaker's chair. He and David Fisher went way back. "I also knew the producer, Graham Williams. Tony had only just joined the team, I think, and he asked if I would like to come in and have a chat about the series. I said 'Yeah, I'd love to,' and I wrote five stories in the end. *Doctor Who* was very casual, especially when Tony and Graham were around. It was always just, 'Look, can you pop in on Friday?'

"Tony had been producer and script editor on *The Troubleshooters*, and I remember I rolled up on that one day having read a book about Dr Schweitzer. I said I'd like to do an episode on him, and Tony said, 'Okay. Just remember the series is about an oil company.' That was all there was to it. He ran a tight ship, but he was always very good to work with, full of ideas. The script sessions on *Doctor Who* were always great fun – Graham would come in with bottles of port!"

Doctor Who's 16th season required even more intensive discussion than usual, for the producer had decided on a linking theme – the search for the Key to Time. "Yes, everybody seemed to complain about that, but I had no problem with it. I'm not sure it was a good idea, but neither was it an imposition. You just needed to take a brooch or a statue and place it any way you liked in the story. The Doctor and Romana would find it and say, 'Oh look, it's the Key to Time!' Easy."

The Stones of Blood, David's first commission, was a smooth ride. "We hammered out the basic story and Graham and Tony both said, 'Yes please, go ahead.' It was all very easy, really. Looking back, the early episodes had a genuinely alien quality about them which I liked. It would have been nice to do more with that. I wish I'd done some sort of attack involving the crows. It

> **"I always thought there should be more women in the series, particularly as villains"**



Raven mad? The Doctor (Tom Baker) gets the bird in *The Stones of Blood*

Hope and glory: crowning an *ersatz* Prince Reynart (Neville Jason) in *The Androids of Tara*

The mechanical Strella (Mary Tamm) enmeshed in the machinations of evil Count Grendel (Peter Jeffrey). *The Androids of Tara*

would have been rather like Hitchcock! I remember we had long and fascinating discussions over what hyperspace would look like – could you get out and walk in hyperspace, that sort of thing. Looking back it seems absurd, but we seriously contemplated these things. It was nice that you were allowed to play with ideas. In the end, we stuck to inside the craft in hyperspace, which was probably sensible.

"We also talked about the two judgment machines, the Megara. I enjoyed writing their dialogue – like all lawyers, they're basically justifying themselves. I thought it would be a good idea to have some sort of mechanical machine, but Graham wanted to get away from that sort of thing. So we decided on a visual effect of some sort, and it ended up working extraordinarily well. I'm not sure Tom Baker liked the Megara all that much, though – he had to stand there talking to empty space! But then, professional actors are paid to do that."

Tom was renowned for tearing strips off scripts around this time, but David doesn't believe the leading man's input ever got out of hand. "I think there was a kind of plot to keep Tom out of script conferences. He'd get hold of the scripts eventually, but a lot of them were taken away from him too. I remember a disastrous attempt to do some sort of anniversary thing [to celebrate the 100th story] on *The Stones of Blood*. Tom wanted to do some sort of birthday presentation or cutting of the cake in the middle of the story. I was told this as I walked into the office – Tony said, 'Have you heard the latest?' He explained and said, 'No need to worry. It's a load of rubbish and I've put a stop to it.' I have a terrible feeling that Tom rather held that against me!

"I once saw Tom with some kids who'd come along to filming, and I thought he handled that side of things extremely well. He was a very good Doctor. He brought a genuinely alien quality to the part. Probably the only Doctor I preferred to him was Paddy Troughton. Davison was good, and Pertwee was stylish in a way, if very camp, but I didn't take to some of the others."

The Doctor Who Appreciation Society presented David with an award – a sculpture of the evil Cailleach – in recognition of *The Stones of Blood* topping its season survey. It sits proudly, if a little worse for wear, in the Fisher front room. "I went to a party or something in the BBC bar, and as I was going Graham Williams said to me, 'Here you are.' He handed me this pile of pyjamas, and I thought, 'Oh, there must be a bottle inside!' He told me it was an award, and it was this Cailleach statue. It's one of only two awards I've ever won."

David found himself commissioned very quickly for a follow-up story. "I remember Tony said they were trying to rework some of the classics, and asked what I'd fancy doing. Then he said to me: '*Prisoner of Zenda* in four episodes.' It's a lovely swashbuckling story, and marvellously romantic. That became *The Androids of Tara*, with Prince Reynart instead of the Douglas Fairbanks role [Rudolf Rassendyll]. I enjoyed writing it very much. It was a rattling good yarn, very nicely shot by [director] Michael Hayes." And quite famous for the 'fearsome' Taran monster, eh? "Oh yes, that. It was not an entirely ferocious beast, was it? I remember I

"It seems absurd, but we took the science very seriously!"

didn't think they should have horses, actually. I wanted something different, maybe just putting horns on them so they were set apart, but they didn't like that idea. A pity, because in a way there weren't enough 'alien' things in the story."

The great Peter Jeffrey took the role of the snide and slimy Count Grendel. "Yes, he enjoyed it enormously. I saw him a few years back and reminded him that he had been in my story. I let the Count get away at the end, of course. [*Zenda* author Anthony] Hope was quite right – if you've got a really great villain, let him go! Good villains are very important, much more so than the hero. People remember them. That was the problem with [James Bond author] Ian Fleming – he kept killing off his villains. I remember the actors all loved the name Count Grendel for some reason. It seemed to me a good name – it had been used in *Beowulf*, so why not?"

On Chloris, Romana (Lalla Ward) and the Doctor Pit their wits against nasty Lady Adrasta (Myra Frances)

Grendel was actually an exception for David's scripts – a male villain. Three of the writer's five stories presented strong female villains, and all featured strong roles for women. Was this conscious? "Indeed it was. I always thought there should be more women in *Doctor Who*, particularly in villainous roles. There was a lot of discussion on one story – *Creature From the Pit*, I think – about whether the villain should be male or female. They made a nice contrast, particularly as some of the Doctor's travelling companions were fairly wet. However, I did read an interview with one of them early on where she replied to the criticism that all she ever did was scream by saying, 'Well, if you saw a monster you'd scream!' I thought that was very true!"

> "Things did get very camp at times in Creature From the Pit"

The Androids of Tara gave Mary Tamm her strongest roles – playing Romana, the Princess Strella and a robot Strella too. David discovered a fascinating tidbit from the actress. "Mary had married a man named Ringrose, and I asked if he was related to Basil Ringrose, the pirate who served with William Dampier. She checked up and came back and said, 'Well, I've asked and I think you may be right. The family don't talk about it!' She was one of the few people I know genuinely connected to a pirate family. Ringrose was a very interesting man."

Although Tony Read moved on at the end of the 16th season, the success of David's stories led to him being approached by new script editor Douglas Adams to contribute further *Doctor Who* storylines. "I didn't have much to do with Douglas, though I liked him very much. The problem, I think, was that he doesn't actually have a very strong narrative sense. Douglas was a marvellous ideas man, with terrific one-liners and things like that, but script-editing is an art in itself.

"I'm not a very good script editor, I don't think. I did edit for ITV at one time, but I can't say I really enjoyed the experience. Tony Read was very good, as was Dick Sharples. It's a rare talent. I tended to say, 'We can't do this, give us a script and we'll rewrite it.' But Tony once said to me that you always had to remember to get the voice of the writer, and I think that's probably right. You need to be very laid-back, and to have patience. I've found a similar thing with writing books – you tend to go with editors you like and trust. There aren't a lot of top-class editors about. A lot of the time when people change publishers, it's because the editor has moved on."

David researched his new commission. "Graham Williams did three seasons, didn't he? At the beginning of the third, he called me in and said, 'We've got a problem. We're getting letters from 12 year-old boys saying they don't understand the physics.' He wanted to get it right. I phoned up the Cambridge Institute of Astronomy and said, 'Can I come and see you? I'm a *Doctor Who* writer, and I've got a silly question.' They said, 'Yes, come along. We're all *Doctor Who* fans here!' The lovely chap I spoke to was rather jealous, but I told him I wasn't the one with a PhD, I was just a writer!

"I was working on *The Creature From the Pit* at the time, and I reasoned that the creature had to show its enormous power in some way. So I asked this chap how one would destroy a planet? He said, 'Oh, easy – neutron star.' I said, 'Oh yes? How big is a neutron star?' 'About the size of London,' he replied. 'Finish off anything, that would, the universe practically.' Then we talked about how it could be stopped at the last minute, and he told me that the simplest way to stop a neutron star would be to wrap it in silver foil. I reasoned that my creature could do this easily, and that's how it all happened."

The Creature From the Pit

The realisation of blobby Erato the Tythonian was always going to be a challenge. "Yes . . . I wanted a big blob that couldn't get out of the pit, and I thought it would be interesting if someone could communicate only through physical contact, but with the best will in the world squashed everyone flat. Physically that was difficult to make work in the studio. There was that long arm which waved about, which was rather unfortunate. I rather liked *Creature From the Pit*, though. [Director] Christopher Barry did a very good job. Like the crows in *The Stones of Blood*, I rather liked the Wolfweeds, and wished I could have done more with them.

"Things did get very camp in the writing at times, but Douglas pulled it back. I thought at one time this thing could transform itself into a spaceship and take them all up to the neutron star, where they could all very carefully wrap it in

Brighton rocks! *The Leisure Hive*

"There was a plot to keep Tom Baker out of script conferences!"

tinfoil! I had odd ideas about hostesses and things, but Douglas said, 'It's a bit over the top, isn't it?' A lot of the society's obsession with metal came from Douglas. It was in the script, but he brought it out a lot more. The bandits were born of a chat we had, though I think in a curious way they got too comic. I remember we also had a long talk about Geoffrey Bayldon's character. We decided we couldn't use the same astrological set-up as we have, so we invented some new zodiac houses. That was rather fun."

At the beginning of 1980, David was approached to write for the series once more, this time by incoming producer John Nathan-Turner and executive producer Barry Letts – who had some sweeping changes in mind for *Doctor Who*. "John asked me various things, including did I think the format of four episodes was a good idea? He was thinking of bringing the standard length down to three. I thought you would run into complications with three episodes. The monster traditionally came into the story at the end of episode one, and you had to allow episodes two and three for people to enjoy it, and so it could frighten everybody in sight. Then you needed an episode to get rid of it. So I didn't like that idea.

"I was mildly flattered because somebody said to me, 'You're now the principal *Doctor Who* writer.' The moment somebody flatters you you should run, of course! John and Barry told me an idea they had for these lizard-like creatures who were the Mafia. I said, 'Great! Lizards and dark glasses, I can see that. I'll have fun with that!' They said, 'No no, it's got to be serious.' *The Leisure Hive* just kind of grew from there, and I didn't like it at all, I'm afraid. I probably should have said something or gotten out, but you just kind of go along with things, don't you? It really wasn't me."

One element of *The Leisure Hive* that was David's idea was the use of tachyonics, but even there he wasn't entirely happy. "There was a lot of stuff about tachyons in *New Scientist*, which I read at the time because I was working on *Doctor Who*. They were making a splash, so I worked them in. But if you have a leisure palace, somehow the story should have come out of the pure leisure activities. Tachyons should have been let out, nobody could control them and that would have been interesting. But bringing in the Mafia didn't work."

On the other hand, David was rather pleased with the story's opening scene. "I was asked to include Brighton beach. John and Barry had this lovely idea for a scene, with K9 on the beach and all. I said 'Fine,' and thought it was quite stylish. I expected the rest of the story to come up as stylish as that, but then they didn't want jokes, and they didn't want this and that. Looking back, my stories generally had a lot of jokes. The other temptation was to do horror. The scariest thing I ever saw in *Doctor Who* was in an early Dalek story. The chief Dalek had some kind of pet, and you only ever saw part of it [the Slyther in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*]. I always thought that was scary. Unfortunately these days you can see everything with computer graphics, and it's not as scary."

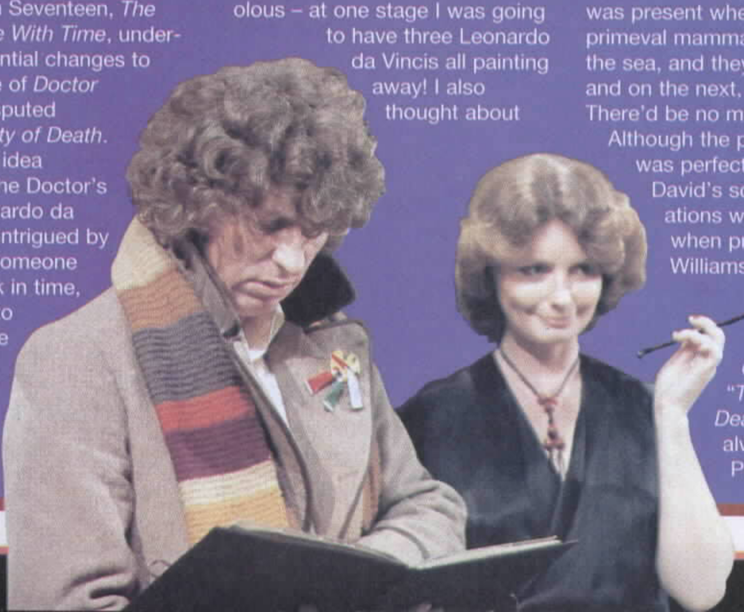
One of *The Leisure Hive*'s major assets is its visual style, which heralded a new look for *Doctor Who*. "The director, Lovett Bickford, kept saying, 'Don't give me plot, just give me visuals.' It was that which finished me, really. I do plots, I do character, I do dialogue – I don't do visuals. John and Barry also felt the series had become too 'story-bound'. They thought *Doctor Who* should be more visual. I think Lovett did his job well, but I don't think *The Leisure Hive* was a very good story, or very good *Doctor Who*.

"Tom loathed it too, because he had to be aged. I was responsible for that, and I think he held me responsible! I got the feeling he was unhappy at the read-through. I always used to go to the reads so that if there were any problems we could sort them out then and there. I do find writers can be around too much, though – if you're not careful you start changing your own words."

What did David think of the general changes being made to the series? "In some ways they were very good and in a lot of ways they weren't. Before John became producer there had been strict rules on *Doctor Who* about nobody being allowed into the TARDIS without the Doctor, that sort of thing. He did away with that. But the thing about doing away with rules is that you really need a new set, and John didn't put up a new set.

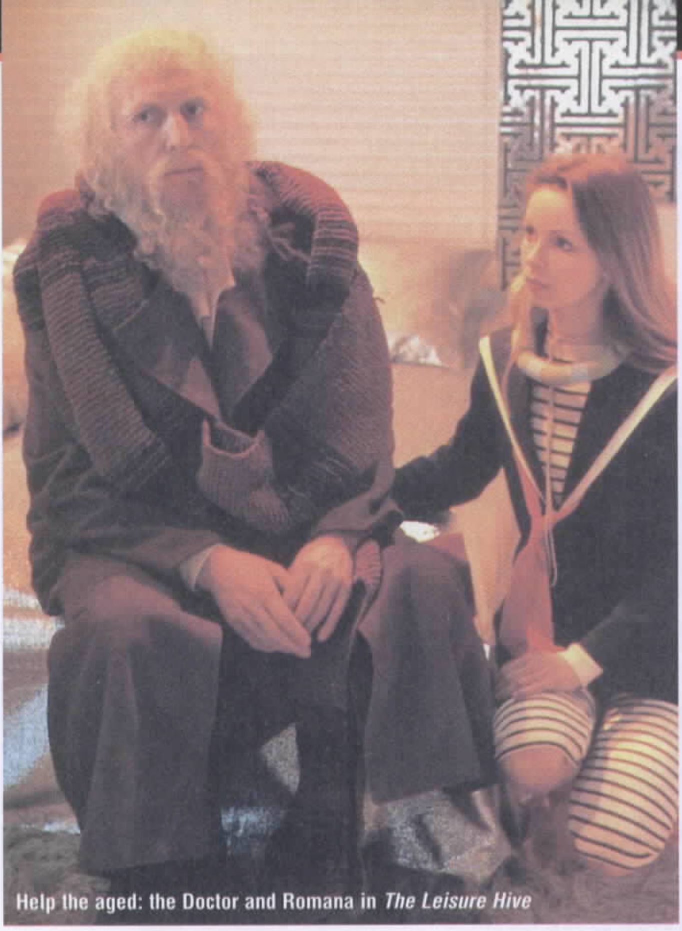
"John also wasn't particularly strong on storylines, so he relied on [script editor] Chris Bidmead an awful lot. He was a nice chap, Chris. He had just been on some course or other on how to

"It was thought to be a bit frivolous . . ."



David's second story for Season Seventeen, *The Gamble With Time*, underwent substantial changes to become one of *Doctor Who*'s undisputed triumphs, *City of Death*. "My original idea concerned the Doctor's old pal Leonardo da Vinci. I was intrigued by the idea of someone nipping back in time, getting him to paint a whole lot more Mona Lisas and them selling 'em! I think the idea was thought to be a bit frivolous – at one stage I was going to have three Leonardo da Vincis all painting away! I also thought about what would happen if someone was present when the first primeval mammal emerged from the sea, and they stood on it, and on the next, and the next? There'd be no mammals."

Although the production team was perfectly happy with David's script, major alterations were requested when producer Graham Williams swung a deal for *Doctor Who*'s first overseas shoot. "*The City of the Dead* [sic] was always set in Paris, but then they got this deal to shoot there. They said to me they wanted a lot of changes, but I was working on a Hammer horror at the time. It was very well-paid and I couldn't give it up, so all I could say was that I'd come as soon as I could. Then they rang and said, 'We've done something awful. We've had Douglas rewrite this.' They offered to keep my name on it and let me have all the money, but I didn't think it was fair that I had the credit or the money. They wouldn't hear of me turning down the money, so we reached an arrangement. I think I got something very generous, like 70 per cent."



Help the aged: the Doctor and Romana in *The Leisure Hive*

A Foamasi – demanding respect? *The Leisure Hive*

"I said, 'Great! Mafia lizards! We'll have fun with that!'"

construct a story – that was how he got the job. I don't know about this business of creative writing courses, you know. I can't see how you teach it, because top-notch writers are too busy writing to teach. You're really being taught by a second-rate writer. I remember Barry Letts saying something about the storytelling, and I thought, 'I've been doing this for many years and I've never heard of anything like that, but maybe you're right.'"

David wrote the novelisations of two of his stories, *The Leisure Hive* and *The Creature From the Pit*. "When I did *The Leisure Hive* I made a lot of changes, but I should have changed a whole lot more! I only did them out of irritation, really, when I discovered that two of my stories [the two Key to Time scripts] had been novelised without my permission. I should at least have been asked. It was all very dicey, and I went to a meeting with the Writers Guild. There was a whole collection of us, and as I was doing a lot of work at the time I could afford to be loud! They told me I wouldn't make much out of them – which was true – but if anyone was going to make any money out of these it should have been me."

David didn't write again for *Doctor Who*. "I wasn't asked to do any more and I didn't go looking, though I would have liked to have written for Peter Davison's Doctor. There was one story which I never developed called *The Psychonauts*. I have a feeling it was for the end of the *Creature From the Pit* season, before John Nathan-Turner took over. It concerned creatures from outer space who could time travel, but in a completely different way to the TARDIS. I called these creatures the Nephilim, which was the name of some kind of demon in Hebrew mythology. They were trying to get into this universe. They or the Psychonauts, I can't say which now, had these sleep chambers, sort of sarcophagi that they travelled in. Later I was going to use the Nephilim in a horror novel."

He then collaborated with his old friend Anthony Read on a number of non-fiction books investigating aspects of modern history. "Tony and I wrote seven books together. It began when we were supposed to do a television series called *The Spy Masters*. At the end of the seventies or beginning of the eighties, a German producer came over to London and we had breakfast with him. He assured us he had James Mason signed up to play the Head of British Intelligence, and that the late Yul Brynner was also interested. He commissioned us to do this series, with me writing and Tony producing before he went off to Brazil, but he omitted to come back. He also omitted to pay us!

"We didn't sue because it would have been too risky, but as I had done rather a lot of research, Tony and I decided to take this work to a publisher. There was a lot of confusion over a spy group called the Lucy ring – no-one could even agree who was part of it – so we went with that, took off to Switzerland and started phoning up old spies! That wasn't as difficult as it sounds. We discovered the spy ring was essentially run by the British, and we wrote a biography of one of the high-ups called Claude Danfey. The first thing I did was go out and get his death certificate – he was a very dangerous man, and I wanted to make sure he was really dead! He ran something called the Z Organisation, which nobody even now seems to want to admit to, though we met a lot of people who were part of it."

David and Tony were then approached by an American publisher to write a book on the Nazi/Soviet pact, and followed it up with a detailed look at the history of Berlin and its fall at the end of World War II. Their latest project is a book on Indian independence called *The Proudest Day*. "You know, I wouldn't mind writing for [American sci-fi series] *Sliders* now," says David with a smile. "It's a lovely idea which they're not really taking advantage of. Actually, I wish *Doctor Who* was still going. My work on the series was one of the happiest periods of my career." DWM

The last of the famous international playboys

When cult actor Peter Wyngarde flew to Lanzarote to film scenes for *Planet of Fire*, this month's BBC Video release, he never imagined he'd end up on the run from the local *policia*. Liam-Michael Rudden collars this swingin' sixties star . . .

Even when young, Peter Wyngarde was a larger-than-life character. "I was a terrible, outrageous little show-off. A precocious, hideous little child." Born in Marseille in 1933, the last thing his upbringing could be described as is conventional. At the age of six he found himself held in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp, and it was here that he discovered his love of performing. "I remember the camp doctor – he was a marvellous fellow who would read stories to the children in the camp. One of those stories was *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. I was so taken with it that I decided to dramatise it for the monthly camp show." For this, Peter kidnapped the camp Commandant's pet rabbit on which his Dr Jekyll could try out his fabled elixir!

Peter went on to become a well-established stage and screen performer – and, in 1969, found himself cast as the hero in a new ITC series, an event spookily predicted by a Welsh clairvoyant who told him: "Very soon you are going to be in front of millions, not hundreds, not thousands, but millions. Millions and millions of people are going to be watching you. . ." Not long after, and just before opening in London in Chekhov's *The Duel*, he was asked by Monty Berman and Dennis Spooner to appear in their new television series, *Department S* – but his character was largely undefined. "The original fellow was to be a Professor, but that wasn't for me. So I went to Sevenoaks to stay with friends – Michael Briant [later a *Doctor Who* director] and his wife – for the weekend. I told them that I had to come up with a name for this character. By the end of the weekend I had thought of Jason, Michael's wife had thought of King, and Michael had come up with the Bentley as the only car this character would be seen in." Jason King became famous for his highly fashionable, if somewhat outrageous, clothes sense, and Peter admits responsibility for choosing the cuffs, shirts and ties worn on screen. Perhaps his *haute couture* was responsible for a poll which voted him the man Australian women would most like to lose their virginity to!

After 28 episodes of *Department S*, his character had so captured the imagination of the viewing public that Peter was offered a second series solo, this time called simply *Jason King*. "Actually what happened was Lew Grade, who was then head of ITC, phoned me up and said, 'I want to talk to you.' I thought he was going to tell me they were not repeating *Department S*. When I went to see him he said to me, 'I don't like you. My idea of a hero is somebody blond with blue eyes, like Roger Moore. You with your funny dark hair, moustache, and terrible clothes are not my idea of a hero at all, but I have to tell you that my wife loves you so you have to do another series . . .'"

Jason King came to the end of its run early in 1972, and marked the beginning of a long period where the flamboyant Wyngarde was rarely seen on television screens. But, come 1983, he accepted the part of Timanov in the *Doctor Who* story *Planet of Fire*. "Somebody said to me, 'You've done *The Avengers*, *The Saint*, *The Prisoner* and *The Baron*, you must do *Doctor Who*.' I had no idea what *Doctor Who* was about, mainly because I was working a lot and you didn't get a chance to see much television. I made a point of watching some episodes and found I liked it. I liked William Hartnell enormously. The first story I was offered I didn't do because there was too much studio work, and I hate studio. However, with *Planet of Fire* the character was interesting, and there was the idea of going to Lanzarote. You only have to

True believer: Turlough (Mark Strickson), Amyand (James Bate), the Doctor (Peter Davison) and various Logar-worshippers surround Timanov (Peter Wyngarde)

BBC Video [2]

Timanov tutors his Chosen One – Malkon (Edward Highmore)

> **"Directors are terrified of me. They think I'm going to take over – and I usually do!"**

Lava duck: Peri (Nicola Bryant) and the Doctor in the volcano control centre

tell me that we are going where the sun is and I'm there before I've even read the script. In fact the script on this occasion was a bit tricky. We changed a lot of the lines, some of them were a bit corny. I found the idea of the story fascinating and that was what appealed to me. Once you have the idea you can take it from there and rewrite the dialogue." Laughing, he explains that this is the reason people don't employ him: "Directors are terrified of me when I do re-writes. They think I'm going to take it over, and I usually do. I think you have to do that but nobody else thinks so, especially not the directors."

Planet of Fire was directed by Fiona Cumming, and Peter is the first to acknowledge her input. "What is so marvellous about her is that she likes actors. Most of the directors that one gets in touch with today don't like actors. She assesses what kind of actor you are, always remembering what she and the writer want to bring to it. Then if she finds an actor who is rather over-imaginative, she listens to whatever is good and takes it whilst at the same time getting rid of the rubbish. I would present a whole bag of tricks, and she would say what she liked. I'm surprised she doesn't do more. I think there are two reasons for this. Firstly, she isn't 12 years old as a lot of today's directors appear to be, and secondly she knows her job too well. You see they have to find someone they can blame, someone to carry the can if things go wrong. Fiona was great to work with and I wouldn't have enjoyed it half as much without her."

Lanzarote itself is a place of breathtaking beauty, and Peter decided to make the most of his time. "I hired a jeep, and would drive myself out to these locations miles away from civilisation. Of course I'd get hopelessly lost until I'd find people looking at me rather strangely and pointing towards where the tents had been set up for the day's filming. It was great fun. I remember my first scene with Edward [Highmore, playing Malkon] was high up in this wonderful lookout. That was a sensational place that Fiona had found. It was incredible, the views were wonderful."

Once the filming was out of the way it left little time for the cast and crew to play, but Peter had one last trick up his sleeve before leaving Lanzarote. "When we arrived at our hotel we passed by this pool in the grounds and saw these two little turtles going round and round like tigers in a cage, paddling up and down. I didn't think it was very nice having turtles in a small pool like this, so as a joke I suggested we should get them out, and put them back in the sea. One or two of the company said, 'Don't be ridiculous, you can't do that.' None of them had any spirit of adventure, except Dallas Adams who played Professor Foster. We decided to do it very late at night so that we wouldn't get into trouble. At about four o'clock on our last morning in the hotel Dallas woke me up and said, 'Come on, this is it.' He'd worked out when the security guards went by and decided that this was the best time to do it. So I got out of bed, got some shorts on and went down to rescue these turtles. When we got there however we couldn't move them. They weighed a ton. Just as we managed to get one out of the pool we saw torchlight, so like the hero I am I ducked behind some sort of statue, whilst Dallas went off and asked the guard for a light to keep him quiet. As I crouched there I wondered, 'What would Jason King do in this situation?' Once the guard had gone we got back to lugging these turtles. Mine was only a baby but it was huge, and it nipped me. Eventually I got it over the top of the pool and started trying to push it in the direction of the beach. There was quite a little distance between the hotel and the beach but I finally got my one on to the sand. I started back to help Dallas with the other one. When we got the two of them down to the sea do you know what the silly things did? They turned round and started to head back to the hotel after we'd spent an hour pushing them down to the sea. Finally we got them away and the next morning there was hell. Everybody was talking about it. They thought that they had been stolen for their meat, which is apparently very delicate and tastes like veal. When we went to book out there were *policia* in the hotel reception. I looked at Dallas, he looked at me and said, 'Let's get out of here before we get nailed.' We left with Edward not far behind us. He had borrowed my jeep a couple of days before and crashed it into another car whilst driving on my licence. He was equally sure that they had come for him. So there we were, the three of us like terrible fugitives trying to get on this plane to get away from these guys. What was worse was when we got to the airport there were more there. I don't think they were really anything to do with us at all, but they kept looking over, and checking our passports. At the time I think we were all convinced we were going to end up in a Spanish prison. Myself and Dallas for stealing the turtles, and poor Edward for hitting someone's car."

To this day, Peter has never actually seen *Planet of Fire*. "I never watch myself. In fact it's only recently that I've been watching any of the *Jason King* episodes, because I used to have to watch rushes every day on that show, and that was enough to put me off watching myself for the rest of my life!"

BBC Video [2]

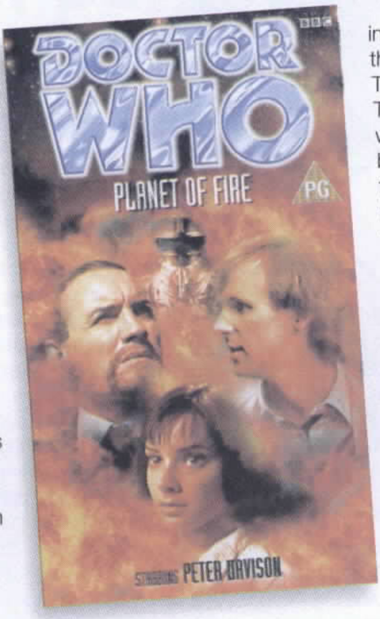
Shelf Life

In which the Fifth Doctor enjoys some fun in the sun

And Dave Owen gets his kit off to greet a new companion

DOCTOR WHO: PLANET OF FIRE

Video BBC Video **Featuring** The Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri
RRP £11.99 **Cat No** 0 426 20526 X
Available 7 September



The release last year of *The E-Space Trilogy* prompted in your reviewer a genuinely sad end-of-an-era nostalgia for the close of the Fourth Doctor's reign. There is no such feeling with this release of *Planet of Fire*, which occupied a similar position in his successor's tenure. The same process is taking place – this Doctor is shedding his companions and making a brief acquaintance with their replacement, who will, in turn, become more associated with his inheritor.

Here, the replacement is Nicola Bryant as Peri, the aesthetic distribution of whose subcutaneous body fat makes her wet-bikini-clad appearance in the opening episode a selling point for a significant proportion of the anticipated buyers of the tape. Less celebrated is the amount of male flesh on display, with bare chests and uncomfortably brief shorts making things equal, if not particularly dignified. But what the hell – everyone in *Shelf Life* is getting their kit off this month, what with *The Sword of Forever*'s Bernice posing nude astride a camel before the Pyramids for a tourist guide-cum-amateur glamour photographer in order to earn a few pennies. I am naked myself as I type.

The Master has become, by now, just plain embarrassing

Planet of Fire marks the third appearance of director-turned-writer Peter Grimwade's favourite plot; an enemy of the Doctor's, having trapped himself through greed, then pulls the Doctor into that very trap in order to effect his own escape. This iteration is perhaps the most elegant, with the robot Kamelion having been aboard the TARDIS (standing in a cupboard recharging by the look of things) since his debut in the previous year's *The King's Demons*. It is credible, therefore, that he is still latently under the Master's telepathic control.

Kamelion is not alone in seeming to act against the Doctor, with Turlough vandalising the TARDIS console again when events seem to be bringing him closer to his roots. On reflection, the Fifth Doctor was unfairly burdened with untrustworthy companions, what with Adric and his tendency to be impressed by wordy dictators, Turlough and his near-murderous instinct for self-preservation, and here Kamelion acting on the telepathic suggestion of whosoever in the vicinity might be the strongest-willed, like a hapless consumer caught between Coke and Pepsi.

In the 14 years since its transmission, *Planet of Fire* has barely dated, and stands as prime defence evidence against the wearily repeated media claim that *Doctor Who*'s charm lies in its cheap wobbly sets and flights down corridors from rubber monsters. Perhaps a *Doctor Who* viewer is easily seduced by an exotic location bathed in sunlight, but the images which director Fiona Cumming captures on film are intoxicatingly expensive-looking. How many other *Doctor Who* stories could gain atmosphere from dialogue shot through heat haze?

In studio, too, Cumming surpasses the point-and-shoot methodology employed by the merely competent. *Planet of Fire* is a medley of surprising shots and angles, showcasing sets which embody some of the fascination of *Doctor Who* – they make they viewer actually *want* to visit the planet of Sarn, and walk around its temples and control rooms.

"Oh No! it's the Pathetic Monsters!"

Spurning such obvious adversaries as the Daleks, Cybermen, and Ice Warriors, many *Doctor Who* authors have taken a perverse delight in reintroducing some of the Doctor's less memorable foes . . .

- **The Vardans** These tinfoil nonentities failed to enliven Paul Cornell's *No Future*, and appropriately enough, that's exactly what they had
- **The Drahvins** A lone cloned female assassin stalks the Doctor in David A MacIntee's *Mission: Impractical*, along with a Taran android. Why?
- **The Bannermen** As suspected, they're not frightening at all without Gavrok, and a sole refugee is welcome at Isaac Summerfield's alien sanctuary in *Return of the Living Dad*
- **The Krotons** In order to make these crystalline catastrophes at all threatening, Lawrence Miles has to completely redesign them in *Alien Bodies*
- **The Zarbi** Having failed to develop time travel, conquer space, or invent cable TV, these mute ants had failed to mutate into anything remotely interesting when the Doctor returned to Vortis in Christopher Bulis' *Twilight of the Gods*
- **The Sea Devils**, **Zarbi**, **Mechanoids** and **Quarks** are among the less obvious threats presented to the seven incarnations of Iris Wildthyme as she made her way across the Death Zone in an adventure preceding *The Scarlet Empress*

But . . .

- **The Ogrons** have been seized upon by authors as diverse as Kate Orman, Gareth Roberts, Terrance Dicks, and Paul Leonard, and have acquired a culture, admittedly based on beer and Cornish pasties, unhinted at in their televised appearances

The acid test comes when the Master's TARDIS is buried by some falling masonry. Not one of the rocks bounces like polystyrene, and not a single squeak is audible.

Isolating non-squeaking boulders as a reason for praise is a task fairly unique, I should imagine, to the full-time critic of *Doctor Who*. My colleagues in the broader church of television criticism opt for the more universal metrics of storytelling and performance, and the Alisons, Victors, Nancys and AAs of this world would have much to say about *Planet of Fire*. I suspect they would seize upon the pseudo-scientific dialogue as evidence of the programme's marginality, but in truth *Planet of Fire* is far and away the most coherent and uncontrived of Grimwade's scripts. Admittedly his obsession with secondhand TARDIS starter motors changing hands is still apparent, but other components, such as a miniature Master, the exit of (Junior Ensign Vislor) Turlough, and a volcanic planet hosting a fiery health spa are all well described and displayed.

Performances are variable. Peter Davison and Mark Strickson depict the Doctor's atypically sophisticated relationship with Turlough well, and Nicola Bryant's Peri is a convincing 20 year-old, especially when she stops trying to be Ursula Andress' Honey Rider and adopts a Nancy Drew silhouette. Among the denizens of Sarn, Jason King star Peter Wyngarde is less boring than most religious Luddites in *Doctor Who*, but his heir, the foundling Malkon (discovered in the wilderness and branded with the triangle of Mesos, an anagram of Moses) is as stiff as three-week-old porridge. It's rather a shock to learn he is the brother of the twitchy, animated, sardonic (and above all, copper-haired!) Turlough.

Anthony Ainley delivers a performance so arch that he seems uncomfortable with being forced down a narrow branch of his broad repertoire. Only a madman laughs all the time, and not only has the Master by now become just plain embarrassing, but he is simply not as interesting as his various alter-egos – the Portreeve, Tremas, or even the more rational Master of Christopher H Bidmead's scripts. I would challenge even the most devout viewers to suppress a titter when the mini-Master hauls himself over the base of the TARDIS console.

Planet of Fire works well when viewed in a single sitting, and is a rather sensible story. There are no gaping holes, and only a few nits to pick. Why has the Doctor started wearing so much eyeliner? Why call your shrinking gun a Tissue Compression Eliminator when it clearly works on anything? And what was Kamelion doing in the cupboard for a year?

DOCTOR WHO: THE SCARLET EMPRESS

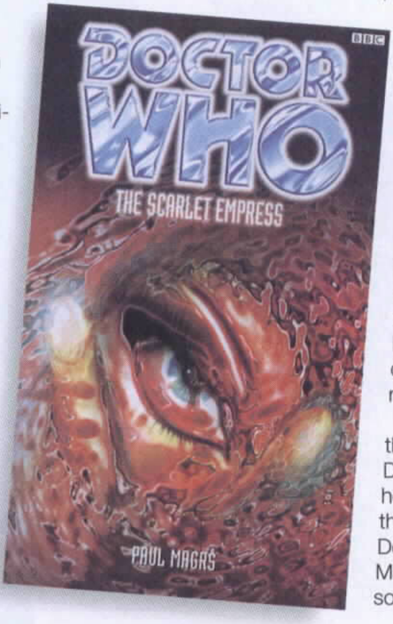
Novel BBC Books **Author** Paul Magrs
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Sam **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 40595 3 **Available** 5 September

Planet of Fire's Numismaton gas doesn't provide the only old flame this month. When Paul Magrs made his *Doctor Who* debut by introducing the Doctor's former girlfriend Iris Wildthyme in the *Short Trips* anthology, rather than seeming like a tentative venture by the writer into the world of *Doctor Who*, it gave the reader the feeling that he was being allowed to join a party that had been going on for some time.

Iris returns in *The Scarlet Empress*, and sure enough the novel's postscript reveals that she is an old creation of Paul's and has appeared (albeit not as a Time Lord) in a number of his other works.

When the Doctor and Sam visit Hyspero, the world ruled by the Empress of the title, he reveals a hitherto-undisplayed talent for shopping. It's more trivial than other revelations about the Doctor in a book which shares the rest of the BBC line's relaxed attitude to getting inside his head, not least by having him narrate some sections. At times it feels like a return to the halcyon days of *Timewyrm: Revelation*, with Sam experiencing what might not merely be dreams about the Doctor, and encountering the severed heads of his seven previous selves impaled on poles.

Such spectacles are, of course, mere asides from the narrative, but in what is plainly a deliberate decision, the main flow of this lengthy book is often just a framework on which to hang introspectives and commentaries. This is just as well, because without these glorious and entertaining embellishments, the skeleton would read like one of the dreary, doorstop-thick fantasy quest sagas jacketed in loveable elves which shockingly clog the *Sunday Times*' bestselling hardback fiction lists for month after meaningless and escapist month.



What makes *The Scarlet Empress* stand above this dross is the growing realisation that it is supposed to be unbelievable and even at times formulaic. The reader can then relax and simply enjoy spectacles such as Iris' red London double-decker bus perched incongruously atop a desert sand dune, like the Hipgnosis album cover for Pink Floyd that never was.

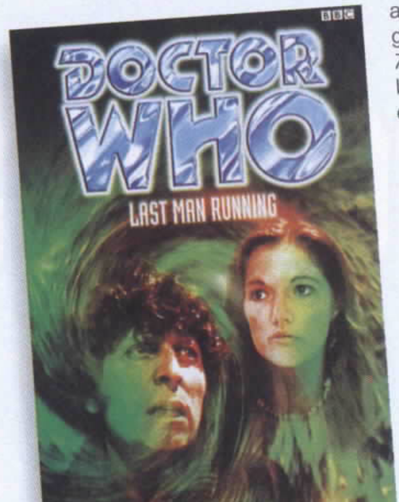
Iris herself is a little older than when the Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane met her, although it transpires that she has met all of the Doctors at various times. Many of her reminiscences sound a little familiar, until

The Scarlet Empress feels, at times, like a return to the halcyon days of *Timewyrm: Revelation* the Doctor actually accuses her of dining out on his exploits and passing them off as her own. The book is awash with *Doctor Who* mythology from all sources; the series itself, the BBC Books, Virgin's *New Adventures*, the Target novelisations ("That mysterious region where time and space are one") and even **DWM** (Kroton the emotional Cyberman and Frobisher the Whifferdill, not to mention 'wheezing and groaning' being usurped by the onomatopoeic "vworp vworp").

This referencing goes beyond mere allusion to the past but sinks deeper into the metaphor and simile employed by the author. Something is described as "Dalek-like" because this is the simplest way to describe it, and characters, author and reader are all in the same club together where this shorthand can be employed. Characters here have adventures because they are aware that that is the framework they are supposed to fit into; Iris remembers all of the Doctor's adventures for him, in minute detail, and is as much of a fan as a companion. Not since William Hartnell wished a Merry Christmas to all his viewers has the 'fourth wall' of *Doctor Who*'s set been knocked down quite so effectively – although Paul Magrs does it brick-by-brick, rather than by ball and chain.

Pack *The Scarlet Empress* with your flip-flops and bucket and spade this year, because it's perfect carefree holiday reading. And because there's a long tradition of red London double-decker buses on a summer holiday.

Just a few pages into *The Sword of Forever*, the Mortimore magic had me entranced



DOCTOR WHO: LAST MAN RUNNING

Novel BBC Books
Author Chris Boucher
Featuring The Fourth Doctor, Leela **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 40594 5
Available 5 September

It's an all-too-common failing of *Doctor Who* novels that after 100 or so pages of brilliant exposition where new characters, societies, and settings are allowed to sparkle, the unfortunate necessity of telling a story becomes evident, and all concessions to style or interest are dropped in favour of some grim fight for survival. Former *Doctor Who* scriptwriter Chris Boucher's first original *Doctor Who* novel bucks this trend, oddly, by kicking off with 100 pages of the most turgid, characterless, context-free prose in recent memory.

Leela's creator is on a hiding to nothing so soon after Jim Mortimore brought the character to life so brilliantly in *Eye of Heaven*. In a jungle, which is hard to mentally disentangle from that of Leela's home world, she and the Doctor find themselves being chased along groves and up trees by a small selection of large creatures. Elsewhere in the jungle is a visiting space party whose two-level caste system of 'firsters' and 'toodys' make them the literary descendants of Boucher's Sandminer crew in *The Robots of Death*; they are chasing an absconded weapons technologist whose circumstances resonate with those of Coser, on the run in Boucher's *Blake's 7* episode *Weapon*.

Last Man Running does improve, after fighting against the necessary handicaps of space adventures taking place in hostile environments. There is nothing with which an ordinary late 20th century reader can identify; no chip shops, birthdays, pet dogs or dental appointments. On a planet where no-one has heard of Anthea Turner, Chris has to work hard to come up with equal horrors. Distracting colour is sporadic – the firsters and toodys revere the words of William Shakespeare, but they have never heard of the Bard.

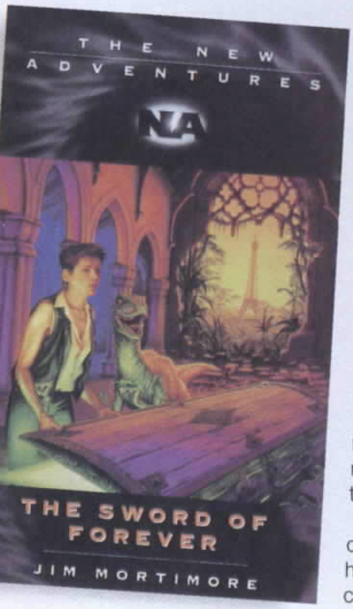
The Bard of Avon would be an appropriate title for the author given his involvement in *Blake's 7*, and another theme from *Weapon* surfaces towards the end, where cloned copies of characters start appearing. But, like the originals, they don't have names which give any clue as to their genders or social class, and readers are strongly recommended to make margin notes to keep track.

A visiting space party are clearly literary descendants of the Sandminer crew

Given the participation of Tom Baker, Louise Jameson, and perhaps even David Maloney, this might have made a memorable television story, but not in print. Perhaps *Last Man Running* just isn't silly enough to be contemporary written *Doctor Who*.

THE NEW ADVENTURES: THE SWORD OF FOREVER

Novel Virgin Publishing **Author** Jim Mortimore
Featuring Bernice Summerfield **RRP** £5.99
ISBN 0 426 20526 X **Available** Now



My notes say, "Page 68 – Bernice does crack". Under interrogation, I assumed, until I remembered, that I should have capitalised and written "Bernice does Crack". At the time, it seemed shocking, but by the end of this most bewildering *New Adventure* it seems scarcely out of keeping with the iconoclastic Mardi Gras that is *The Sword of Forever*. There was a time when Bernice donning a black leather dress would have been remarkable, but all that is noteworthy about it now is that it is her wedding dress for marrying husband number two, the facially-tattooed Marillian.

The back-cover blurb caused early misapprehensions. Bernice's latest chum is a talking prehistoric lizard, and the role of archaeologist appears to have devolved into the video games and Hollywood definition; one who is chased down corridors by boulders, having desecrated the graves of the holy. However, just a few pages in the Mortimore magic that makes his good books so compelling had me entranced.

Like *The Scarlet Empress*, this is a mythical quest, but told at a breakneck pace. Rather than an alien fantasy setting, events take place in the Earth of the next millennium; the reconstructed London and the Paris reclaimed by mutant vegetation are diverting enough creations quite apart from the complex story they host.

So many of the books under review seem to have been either/or choices between say, the sincere and the irreverent, or the bleak and the humorous. No such decision constrains Jim Mortimore's writing, and consequently books like this are a dizzying, kaleidoscopic whirl of moods.

Shelf Life now realises just how very wrong it was to criticise the first solo Bernice adventure for the interpretation of the character contained within. Like Michael Moorcock's Jerry Cornelius, she is something of a chameleon, and it is a delight to see how many shades authors can bring out in her.

None as stark as this, I fancy. DWM

Welcome to the pleasure dome

"He went native, and you went bonkers!" **Peter Griffiths** goes in search of the paradise that was Deva Loka – and catches jungle fever from *Kinda* stars **Nerys Hughes** and **Simon Rouse** . . .

It's 7:32pm on Friday 17 July 1998, and the evening at trendy Mayfair bar-restaurant Browns is in full swing. Your intrepid Marvel reporter squeezes through the buzzing end-of-the-working-week crowd with muttered apologies and a fixed smile, primed for another evening of lively intercourse and inebriated revelry (well, not quite) with a distinctly *Doctor Who* flavour.

The topic under discussion tonight is the snaky *Kinda*, that highly-regarded but little-fathomed Fifth Doctor tale from 1982. We are to be joined by Mr Hindle and Dr Todd – otherwise known as Simon Rouse, stalwart of police drama series *The Bill*, and Nerys Hughes, one of British television's best-loved faces. I'm in the company of *bona fide* stars tonight – and the very fact that they have agreed to meet up and talk about one job from getting on for two decades ago is a measure of the happy influence *Doctor Who* exerts over those who appeared in it, as well as those who follow it.

Simon's already arrived, and is seated at our pre-booked table. "Peter?" he asks, standing, as recognition flickers across my face. He taps the ice bucket next to him. "I hope you don't mind – I ordered champagne." Good thinking, Batman. Nerys arrives soon after. Even from across the room, she's unmistakable. I rescue her from a flustered *maître d'*, and settle back discreetly as she and Simon catch up on news and chit-chat. They've seen each other occasionally on television, but haven't met since *Kinda* wrapped.

"I'm looking forward to my spaghetti bolognaise," says Simon, smacking his lips. "And I ordered some champagne."

"Good for you, Simon! My husband dropped me off, and he thinks we've been here before, but I'm not sure. Are you married with kids?"

"I've got a 19 year-old daughter."

"Really? I've got a 19 year-old too."

And so forth. A few minutes later, we've ordered our meal and my guests are looking at me expectantly. So, *Doctor Who*. Simon starts the ball rolling. "I've just agreed to do a pantomime, *Jack and the Beanstalk*. There's a little bit of me that's scared because I know it's great fun and a laugh but there's also a certain way of doing it – camping it up while being serious at the same time. *Doctor Who* was like that too. I look back on *Kinda* and wish I'd camped Hindle up a bit more, put on some glasses or something."

Nerys is horrified. "No! Oh, no! What was good about *Doctor Who* was that it was done so sincerely. You couldn't really believe in the guns and the funny grey machine tramping around, but it was done with such passion. That was what made it special. It would have been so obvious to send it up, and quite wrong."

"Perhaps you're right. I did enjoy it enormously, smashing the pot plants and constructing the little cardboard city. I suppose doing something so extreme in *Doctor Who* was going to be funny whatever. No matter if it's a training film or whatever, I always give it everything."

"Do you? Oh, Si!" Nerys beams. "You got to pull out all the stops, with two nervous breakdowns, but the girls were very much ciphers, weren't they? All of us women were really just there, and you thought to yourself that you'd like to do something interesting and bring some personality to the part. I put my hair up, and wore specs at the beginning to look intellectual."

Neither Simon or I are having any of this. I humbly suggest that I think Nerys did do something interesting with her role. "That's terribly sweet of you," she smiles. "I looked at myself and thought I was very two-dimensional – like I said, just there. It's interesting that I had quite a low-cut dress and high-heeled shoes – I didn't look like any scientist I'd ever seen!"

Simon nods knowingly. "Nurse's uniform. It's funny how you see yourself. I think I was trying to be very middle-class at the time. I was still stuck with this thing of Received English from drama school, and because I was playing an officer I decided to talk quite posh. Hindle would say things like, 'I'm in chaarge naw!'"

"Were you actually quite Northern, Simon? That's very fashionable now."

Simon grins at Nerys for a moment. "I thought Nerys was really lovely when we were doing the show," he informs me. "She was an incredible star, so I was a bit shy."

"Were you? Awww!" Nerys gives him a hug.

"But she was really lovely and down to earth, and really nice!" Simon sits back with a supremely smug smile. "You can't top that now, can you, Nerys?"

"I'll work on it for later in the conversation!"

"Really, you were lovely."

"Well, I loved doing it," explains Nerys animatedly. "You're too young to remember the Eric and Ernie show, Peter, I know you are. There were two shows you really wanted to be asked to do – that and *Doctor Who*. You felt kind of special, and immediately said, 'Yes please!'"

"I've seen some really excellent actors on *Doctor Who* over the years, too," adds Simon. "You shouldn't expect other people to validate what you do, but seeing actors like Peter Jeffrey crop up treating the show with respect was wonderful. I don't know Peter at all, but I've always liked his work."

Simon refills our glasses. "I'm glad you sent me the tape to watch. What struck me most is that *Kinda* had a pretty good story to hang on. It wasn't patronising in any way. I thought it was actually very deep."

"Well, Jeff Stewart was in it, so it was bound to be!" smirks Simon, referring to his *Bill* co-star's turn as Dukkha. "We were called the Not-We, weren't we? I often say that to Jeff: 'You were very good as a We, weren't you?' He likes that."

"Did everybody have blood on their teeth when they got converted?" asks Nerys with a shudder. "It was awfully effective. Whatsisname, Jeff, looked really creepy. He was awfully good, playing a very weird part. And Mary Morris! She looked like a little animal, didn't she? What an amazing face. She was an eccentric woman who lived in Switzerland."

"Switzerland or Norway?"

"Switzerland, I think. Oh Si, are we going to have our first row?" Nerys hee-hees. "Mary was not at all 'luvvie'. She had black fingernails because she'd dug the stones out of the ground to build her home herself. She was about 70."

"The guy who wrote *Kinda* was a chain-smoking Buddhist from Chalk Farm" Simon

"A bit like a female version of Klaus Kinski."

"And you," says Nerys, returning Simon's earlier compliment, "were ever so good, Si. I think you should forget all that bit about wishing you'd camped it up. You did it the right way."

Nerys nods decisively. I inform Simon that his performance is indeed very highly regarded in fan circles. "Only *very* highly?" he teases wryly. "Not the highest?"

"It's extraordinary," says Nerys. "We're both so old now, Simon and I, but of all the things I've done, the letters I still get for *Doctor Who*!"

"Nobody writes to me."

Nerys peers at Simon, unsure whether to take him seriously or not. "I bet they do. Don't they? Yes they do! Do you write back?"

"Sometimes."

Nerys starts to giggle. "I keep getting invited to Canada and places to do *Doctor Who* meetings. I've never gone as I didn't feel I'd been that involved."

"Canada, eh? I got invited to Manchester." Simon's tone suggests this is a much better prospect than Canada. "I couldn't resist, and it was great fun. I like people who have a passion. Patricia Quinn was there, and the late Don Henderson. It was only about a week before he died."

"I didn't know he'd died. Oh no! What a shame." Nerys turns to me. "Please ask us some more questions."

Simon's got something to say about 'his' Doctor, still new to *Doctor Who* at the time *Kinda* was recorded. "Peter Davison was very nice and charming," he smiles, aware he's on luvvie autopilot. "He had those question marks on his collar, didn't he? I hated them – it was so obvious. Didn't Sylvester [McCoy] have a question mark pullover? Boring. I liked the frock coat and scarf that Paul McGann wore in the film. Very classy."

"I didn't see McGann, but I like his work," reflects Nerys. "Each Doctor needed to have an identity, and Peter's was the cricket gear. It was almost like Rupert Bear! Peter was a very different *Doctor Who*, a kind of young, good-looking, undangerous bloke. He lacked eccentricity, but he brought something different to the part."

And was a distinct change from Tom Baker, I say. Nerys casts me a sudden look, and I realise those two magic words have done their work again. Everyone, it seems, has something to say about dear old Tom.

"He's eccentric, isn't he?" chortles Nerys. "Do you know Tom, Simon? Very strange!"

Simon leans close in to the tape recorder's microphone, adopting a tone of tortured sincerity. "That's not very nice, Nerys!"

That's it, Nerys is off. I should note that the conversation so far has been punctuated by one or the other person giggling at wholly innocuous things, and this syndrome is gathering momentum as we go on. You can add the laugh track yourself if you wish.

Nerys manages to control herself after a moment. "I keep forgetting we're being recorded! I was at drama school with him. He is good, actually. He brings a certain bulbous-eyed something to roles."

"He certainly brings his bulbous eyes."

As conversation moves on, Simon says something hilariously indiscreet and Nerys clutches at me in sudden panic. "Ooh, you wouldn't print that in your article, would you?" I resist saying, 'How much is it worth?' reassuring her that **DWM** is a family magazine.

"You're Australian?" she notes. "You don't look in the least Australian."

Er, how does an Australian look?

Simon joins in wickedly. "Broad shoulders, good tan . . ."

Thanks a lot, guys. Not certain I approve of the turn the conversation is taking, I mention director Peter Grimwade.

Nerys frowns. "I don't remember him." Simon, meanwhile, is snickering away to himself. "He was very intense. He gave that boy, Matthew [Waterhouse, as Adric] a really hard time. Matthew was sweet, wasn't he? I think he played my son in a series called *Radio*."

"Really? He didn't look at all like you."

Simon nods vaguely. "I worked with Peter Grimwade again, too, on something called *The Come-uppance of Captain Katt*. It was a TV play about a children's series, actually, and I was this very neurotic director who went mad. I think I also played a crazy person in the theatre, so they must have thought, 'Simon Rouse is good at potty people.'"

"He never used me again," says Nerys despondently.

Simon gleefully rubs salt in the wound. "Really? He employed my wife, Anne Holloway, on a Cyberman episode shortly after."

Dinner arrives. Simon contemplates his mussels with relish. "I've been saving up for this all day!" As we eat, Nerys and Simon both try to excuse their continual laughter. "I get very giggly in rehearsals too," says Simon. "On *The Bill* I can take a phone call with no-one on the other end and just sit there and giggle."

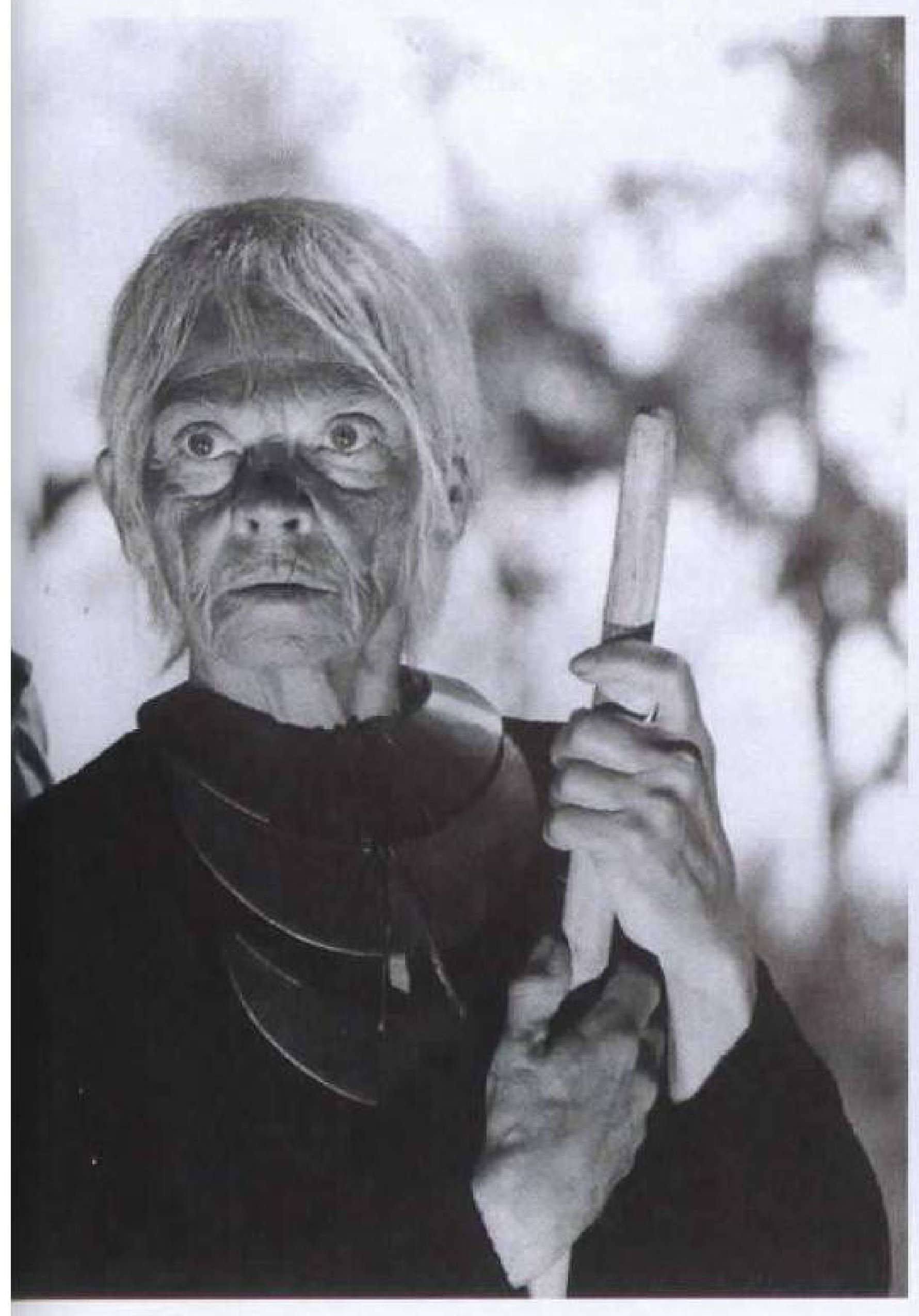
"Did you giggle on *Doctor Who*?" asks Nerys brightly. "Who with?"

"Peter Davison. And you."

"Me, really? It's terrible that I can't remember these things. We could have had an affair and I wouldn't remember. We didn't, did we?"

Simon's saying nothing.

"We had a parrot escape on *District Nurse*," says Nerys. "It flew all around the top of the studio squawking. I had to do this scene where a poor girl had had a brain haemorrhage . . ."



Simon's got a twinkle in his eye, daring Nerys to laugh. She maintains her composure with an effort. "Anyway, they said, 'Cue Nerys!' and this parrot squawked terribly. The clever sound guy said we had to play tapes of gunshots to frighten it, and we eventually got the First and Second World War in one. They again said, 'Cue Nerys' and I laughed so much at the deathly silence and the thought of this bewildered parrot that I ached."

Simon's not to be outdone. "On *The Practice* I played a lorry driver called Roy Hodder."

"Roy Hodder! Roy Hodder!" Nerys is in tears.

Simon delivers the punchline: "I had a crash and lost an eye." Nerys positively howls with laughter. "John Fraser was playing the doctor, and he had to come up to me and say, 'There's some good news and some bad news!'"

"Polly James' bum got stuck in a commode once on *The Liver Birds*. We started laughing and had to be sent out of the studio." Nerys looks at me with red-rimmed eyes. "I'm sorry, you must think we're such a pair of weirdos!"

Er, not at all, Nerys.

"There wasn't a great sense of humour in *Doctor Who*, was there?" muses Simon, attempting to put the conversation back on course. Feeling clever, I fill in some background details about the production team's stated desire to make *Doctor Who* 'serious' again after Tom Baker's departure.

"I had a low-cut dress and high-heeled shoes – not like any scientist I'd ever seen!" Nerys

"How strange," says Nerys. "John Nathan-Turner, the producer, was a very humorous man himself. He was a character and a half. I'd worked with him on *How Green Was My Valley*. Do you remember him, Simon?"

"Yep."

"He was very good fun. *How Green Was My Valley* had an all-Welsh cast, and we used to have these humungously big parties at the end of each episode. John was awfully good at organising, so I think it was meant to be that he became a producer."

"He used to wear high-heeled boots and gold chains," declares Simon.

Nerys is agape. "Did he? Are you lying?! Did he? You've got a much better memory than me. I remember he came into rehearsals and caused a bit of a storm. He was quite definite in his reactions."

"Was he?"

"You don't remember. I must be making that up." Nerys looks sideways at me, giggling. "Poor Peter. You're really struggling with us!"

Of course I'm not. Was *Kinda* what Nerys

and Simon had expected from *Doctor Who*? "Good question," says Nerys. "I don't think I'd seen enough *Doctor Who* to know if it was par for the course. I really only remember watching it with William Hartnell, and thinking it was very spooky."

"The guy who wrote *Kinda* [Christopher Bailey] was an eccentric chain-smoking Buddhist who lived in Chalk Farm." Simon's a font of information.

"Was he? The story started in a very strange way. It dived straight in, and you didn't quite know where you were. I can see the bewilderment on my face when I'm acting, actually. That impresses me, because I think it's a good idea not to signal things. The fact that you got some of it and not the rest was a bonus. It was very psychological, with all those half-sexy and half-sinister bits where they held hands and the snake moved across. Mind you, there was also that snake at the end."

"When I reminded Richard Todd we'd been in *Doctor Who*, I got the impression he thought it best left forgotten" Simon

Simon shrugs. "But with *Doctor Who*, you kind of accepted things like the snake, didn't you?"

"That's true. The effects were so embryonic, so manual, that you just had to go for it. It was a little bit of an act of faith." Nerys regards her co-star for a moment. "You definitely had a story to tell, Simon, you and Richard Todd. He went native and you went bonkers."

Simon is amused by this description. "I did a *This is Your Life* with Richard ages ago. When I reminded him we'd done *Doctor Who* together, I got the impression he thought it best forgotten."

"Well, Richard was a really big film star," explains Nerys. "He'd played all sorts of heroes – never baddies. He hadn't done a lot of television, though he did and still does a lot of stage work. The thing was that he had two children, and needed to work. It's as simple as that. However much one likes to be choosy, you have to work. Occasionally I've turned down really big things which I just haven't liked, and I feel quite lucky to have been able to do that."

"I've always been a believer in doing anything – just about," says Simon slyly, in a calculated attempt to make Nerys laugh. "Occasionally I've felt very arty."

"When there's plenty in the bank and you can afford to!"

We've established that young actor Simon Rouse was a bit scared of Nerys. Was he scared of Richard too? "Simon wasn't scared of me!" scoffs Nerys. "He's lying."

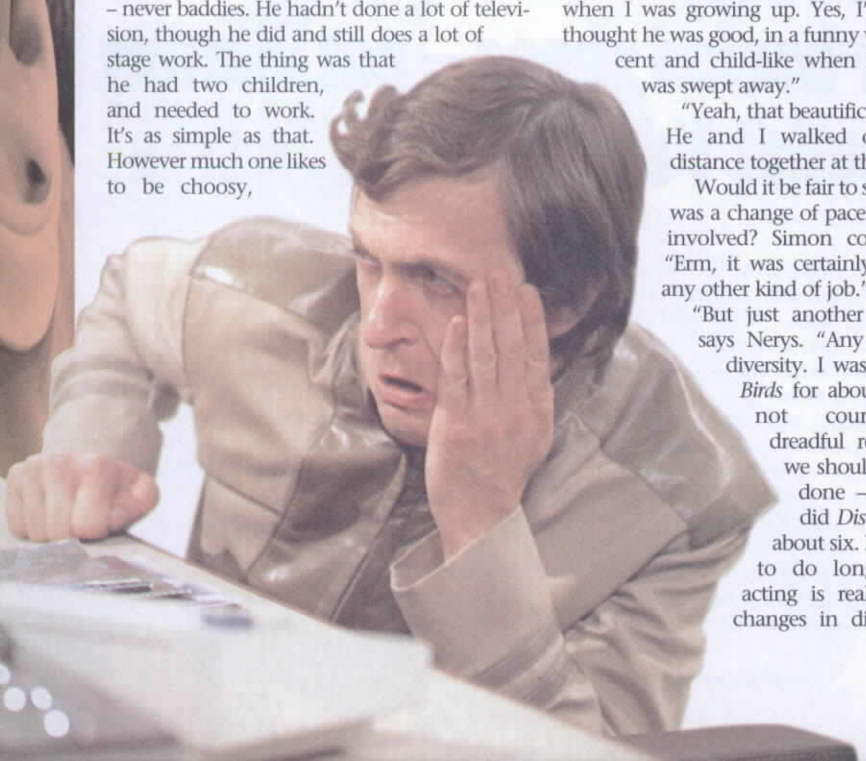
"I was more shy of you than I was of Richard," admits Simon. "I think I was much nearer to your success than I was his."

Nerys nods slowly. "Richard Todd was a hero when I was growing up. Yes, I'm ancient! I thought he was good, in a funny way, all innocent and child-like when his authority was swept away."

"Yeah, that beautific smile he did. He and I walked off into the distance together at the end."

Would it be fair to say that *Kinda* was a change of pace for everyone involved? Simon considers this. "Erm, it was certainly different to any other kind of job."

"But just another job, really," says Nerys. "Any actor wants diversity. I was in *The Liver Birds* for about 11 years – not counting that dreadful revival which we should never have done – and then I did *District Nurse* for about six. I always seem to do long runs, but acting is really all about changes in direction. You see, Simon's now doing pantomime . . ."



"And I've managed to do three plays while being in *The Bill*."

"I've just heard I'm playing the nanny in a new Hollywood version of *Alice in Wonderland* with people like Whoopi Goldberg and Gene Wilder, and I've done a children's series called *The Queen's Nose* where I'm a part-time policewoman. The first time you see me I'm wearing the jumper, the anorak, the hat, the full outfit, and I just look unbelievable, like a ship in full sail!"

Simon reveals that he's just filmed a rare guest appearance on a new BBC quiz show. "I thought I'd go along and be Mr Serious, but I really enjoyed myself and had a good laugh. It all depends on how I'm feeling. If I'm in a good mood I'm all right. If I'm feeling a bit frightened I can come across as a bit monosyllabic."

"Which version are we getting tonight, Simon?" asks Nerys sweetly.

"I feel quite good tonight. I've recently had this phrase in my head: 'This is as good as it gets.'"

"Good for you! How wonderful to have come to that conclusion. Why is that?"

"Drugs." Simon laughs himself silly. "No, I'm joking! Lots of reading." More laughter.

The evening has reached that certain point, readers. I gain first-hand experience of public recognition when our waiter takes time out from clearing away empty coffee cups to tell Nerys how wonderful she is and how much a part of his formative years she was. She's exceedingly gracious in return.

As we pay the bill and gather our things, and Nerys successfully extracts a lift home out of Simon, I ask our happy pair for final thoughts on *Kinda*. "I was very busy at that time," says Nerys after a moment's thought. "I'd sometimes literally be doing three jobs at once. There wasn't much time for reflection. Dr Todd was a cipher-type part, but having said that I thought it was smashing. You feel you want to do something striking, and sometimes it's not necessary. *Doctor Who* is all about storytelling, isn't it? I'm glad I did it."

"I did think it was a very special *Doctor Who* story," says Simon, in all seriousness. "I'm proud I was in it, and it was lovely being with Nerys. I really thought she was on form."

Nerys pats him affectionately on the back as we take our leave of the restaurant, genuinely flattered. "Awww, Simon!" **DWM**

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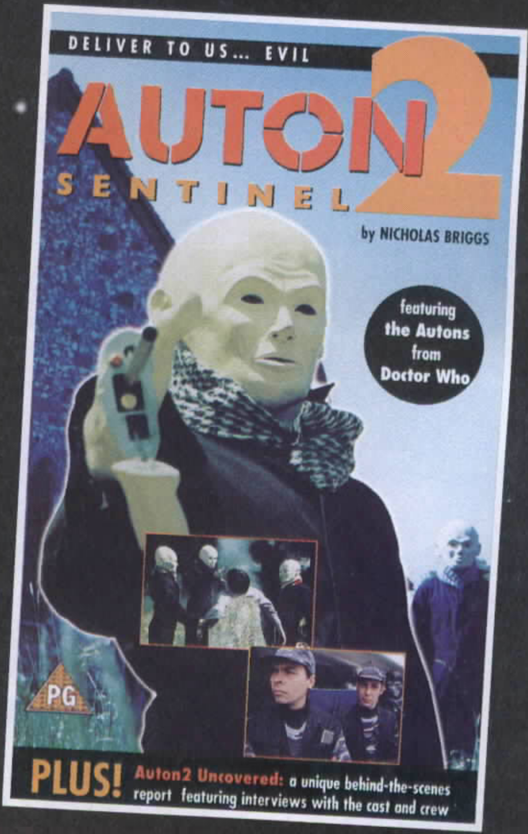
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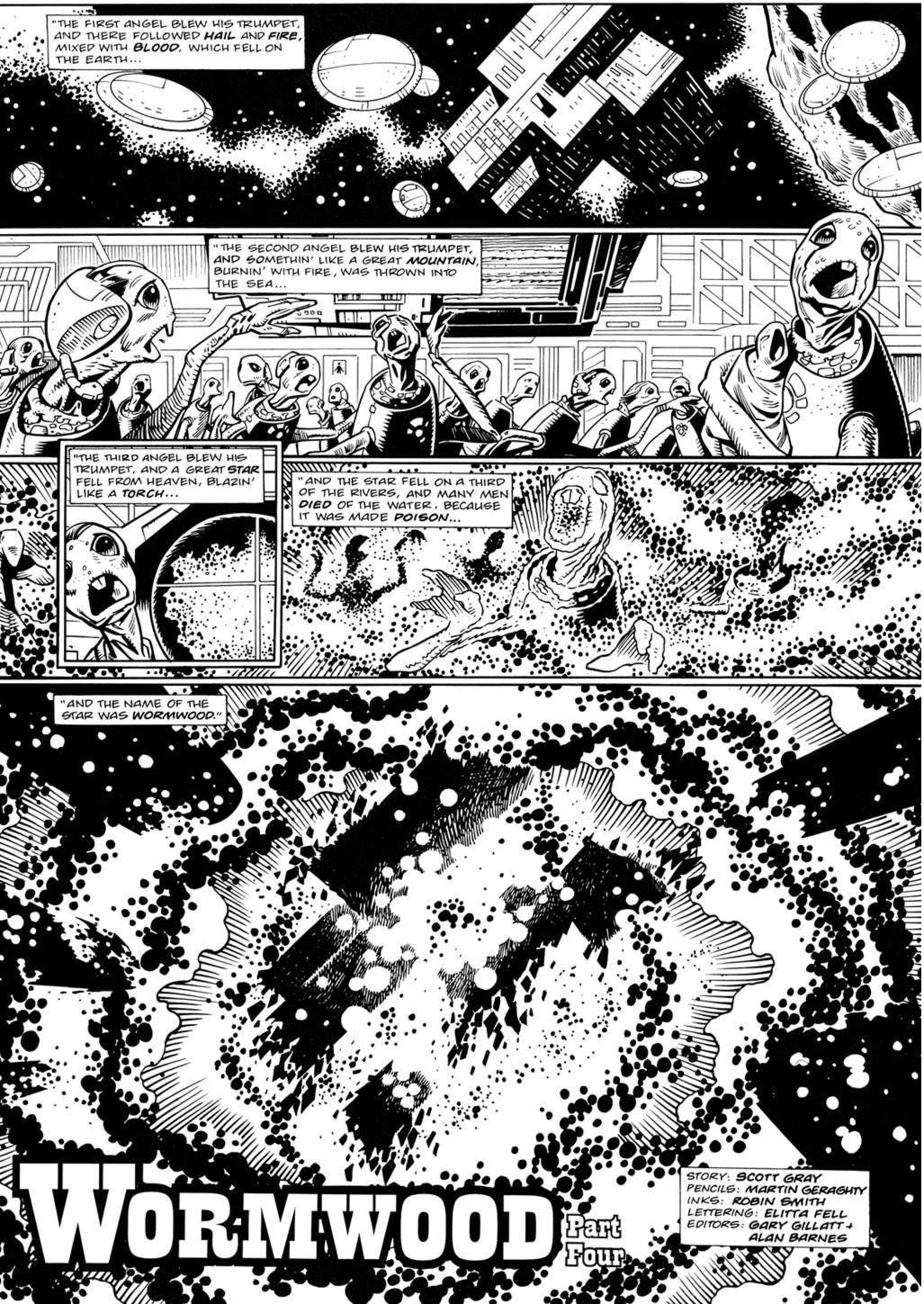
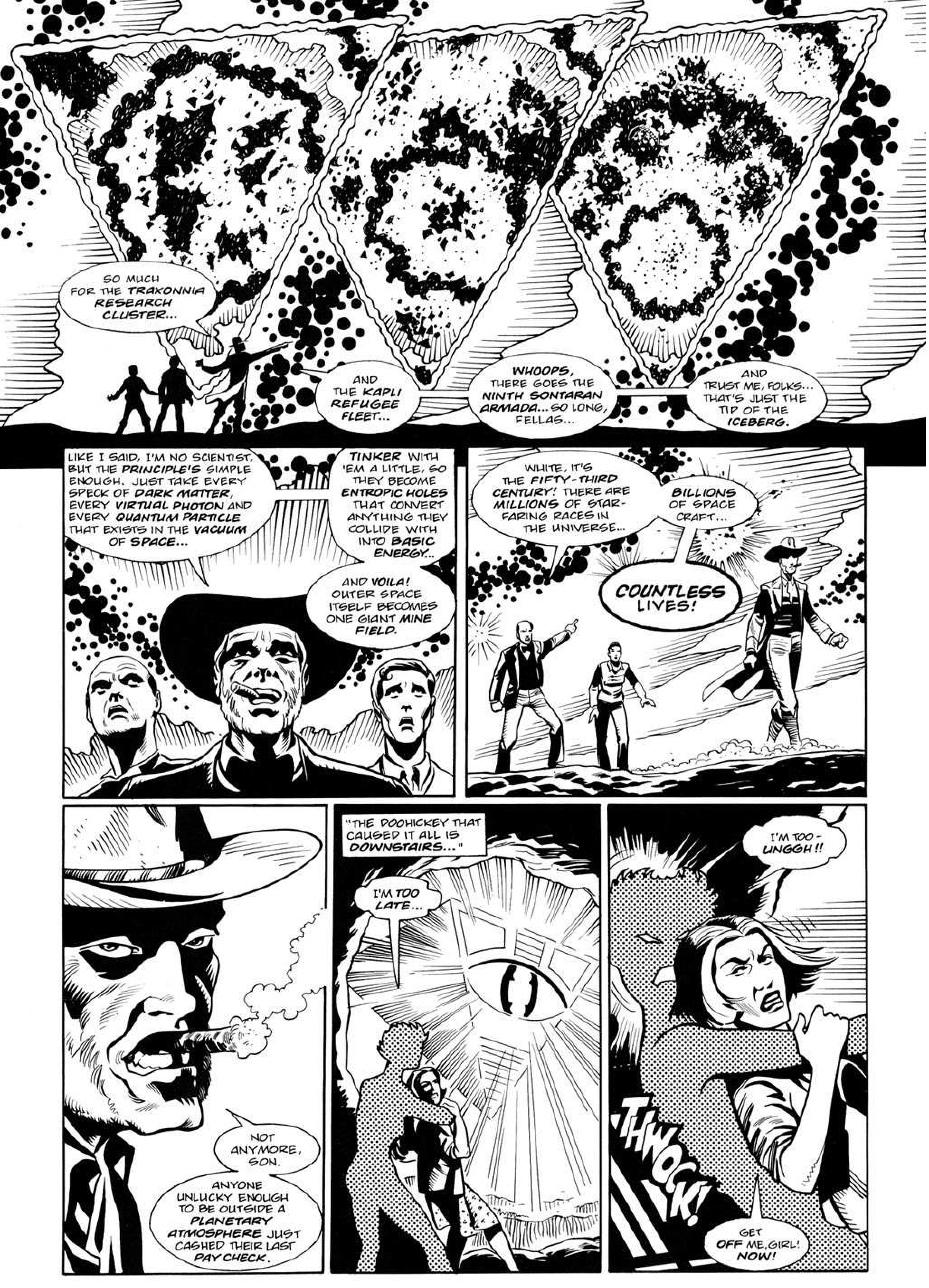
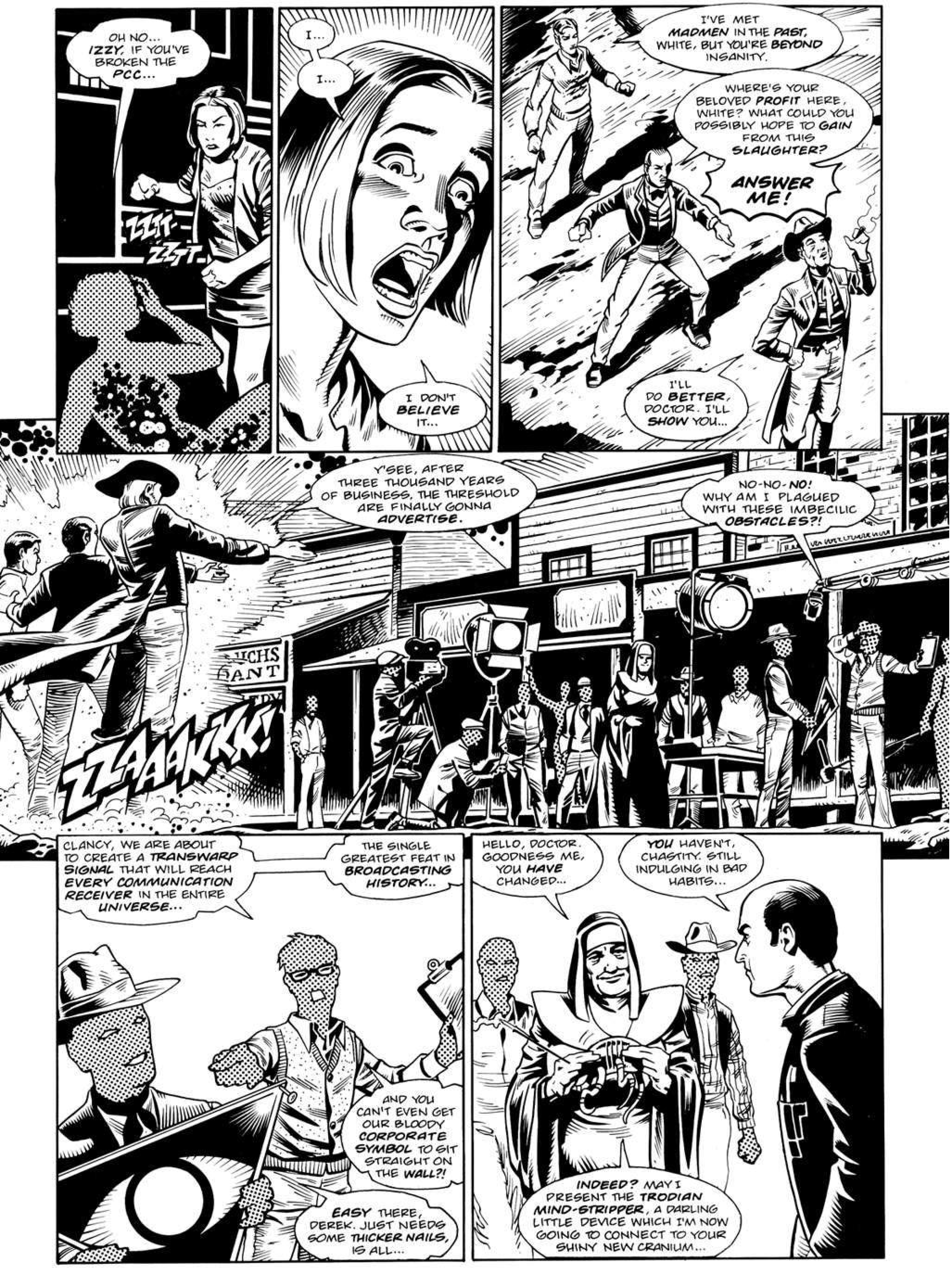
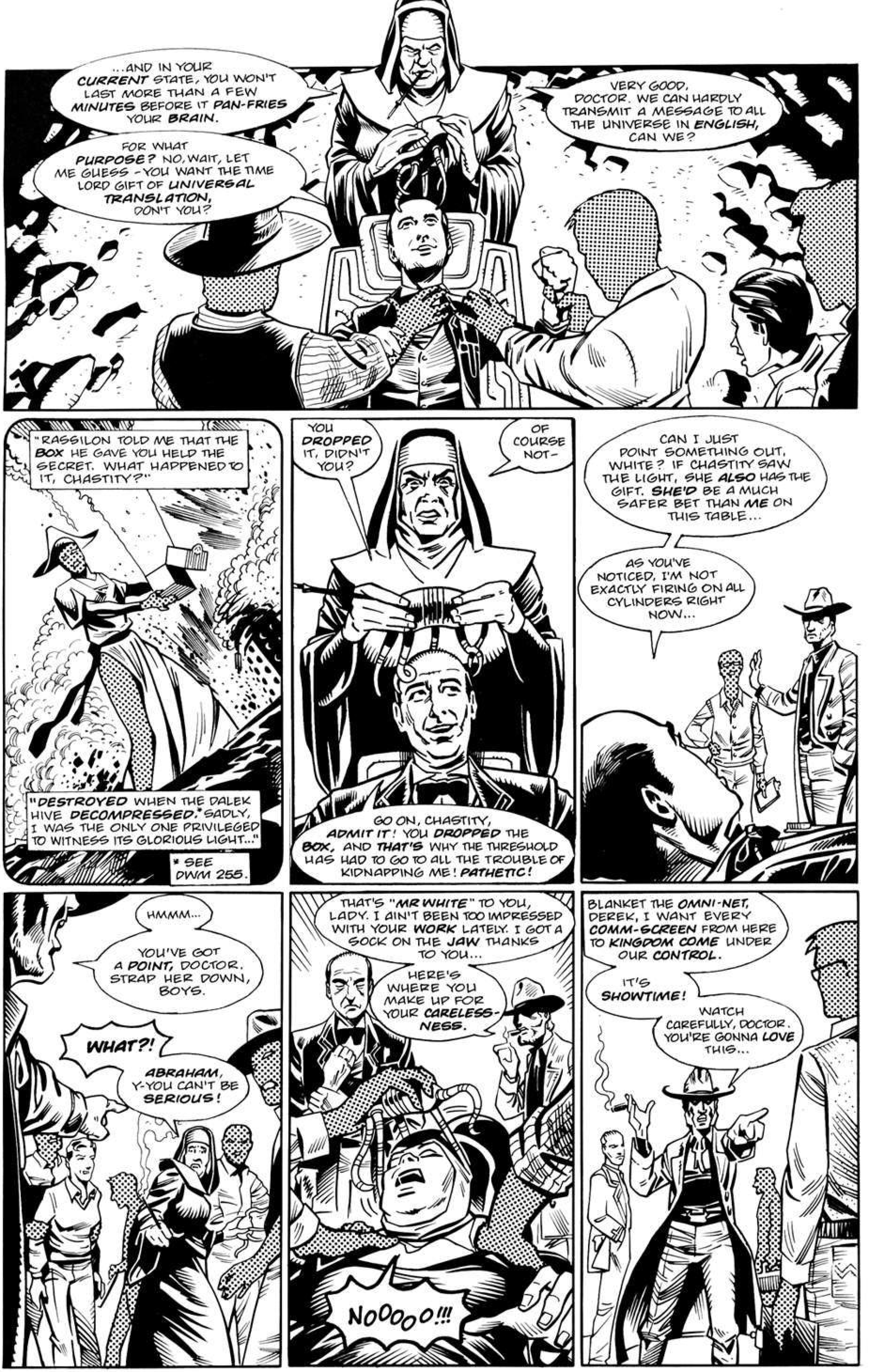

"THE FIRST ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET, AND THERE FOLLOWED **HAIL** AND **FIRE**, MIXED WITH **BLOOD**, WHICH FELL ON THE EARTH...
"THE SECOND ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET, AND SOMETHIN' LIKE A GREAT **MOUNTAIN**, BURNIN' WITH FIRE, WAS THROWN INTO THE SEA...
"THE THIRD ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET, AND A GREAT **STAR** FELL FROM HEAVEN, BLAZIN' LIKE A **TORCH**...
"AND THE STAR FELL ON A THIRD OF THE RIVERS, AND MANY MEN **DIED** OF THE WATER, BECAUSE IT WAS MADE **POISON**...
"AND THE NAME OF THE STAR WAS **WORMWOOD**."

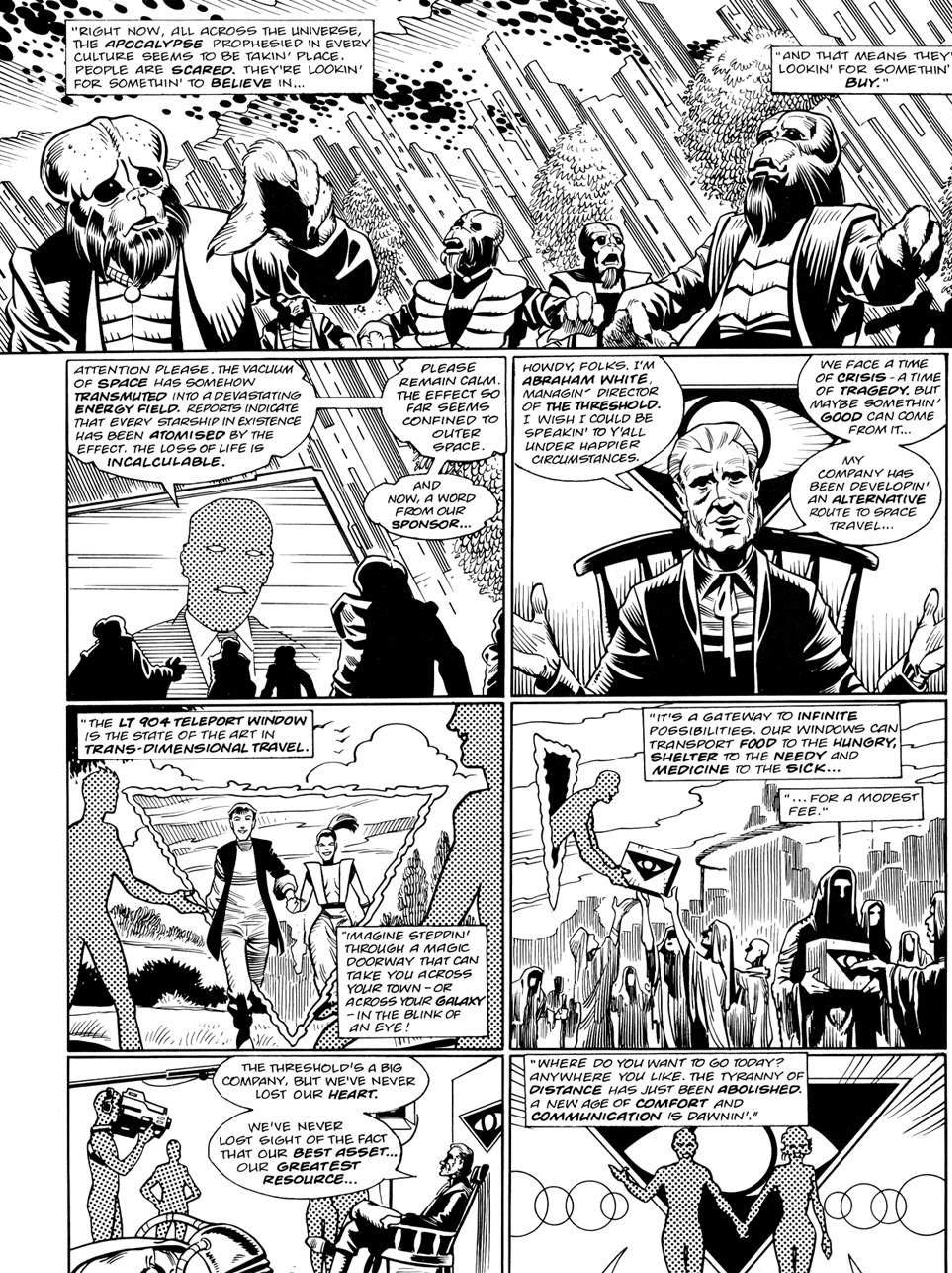
WORMWOOD Part Four

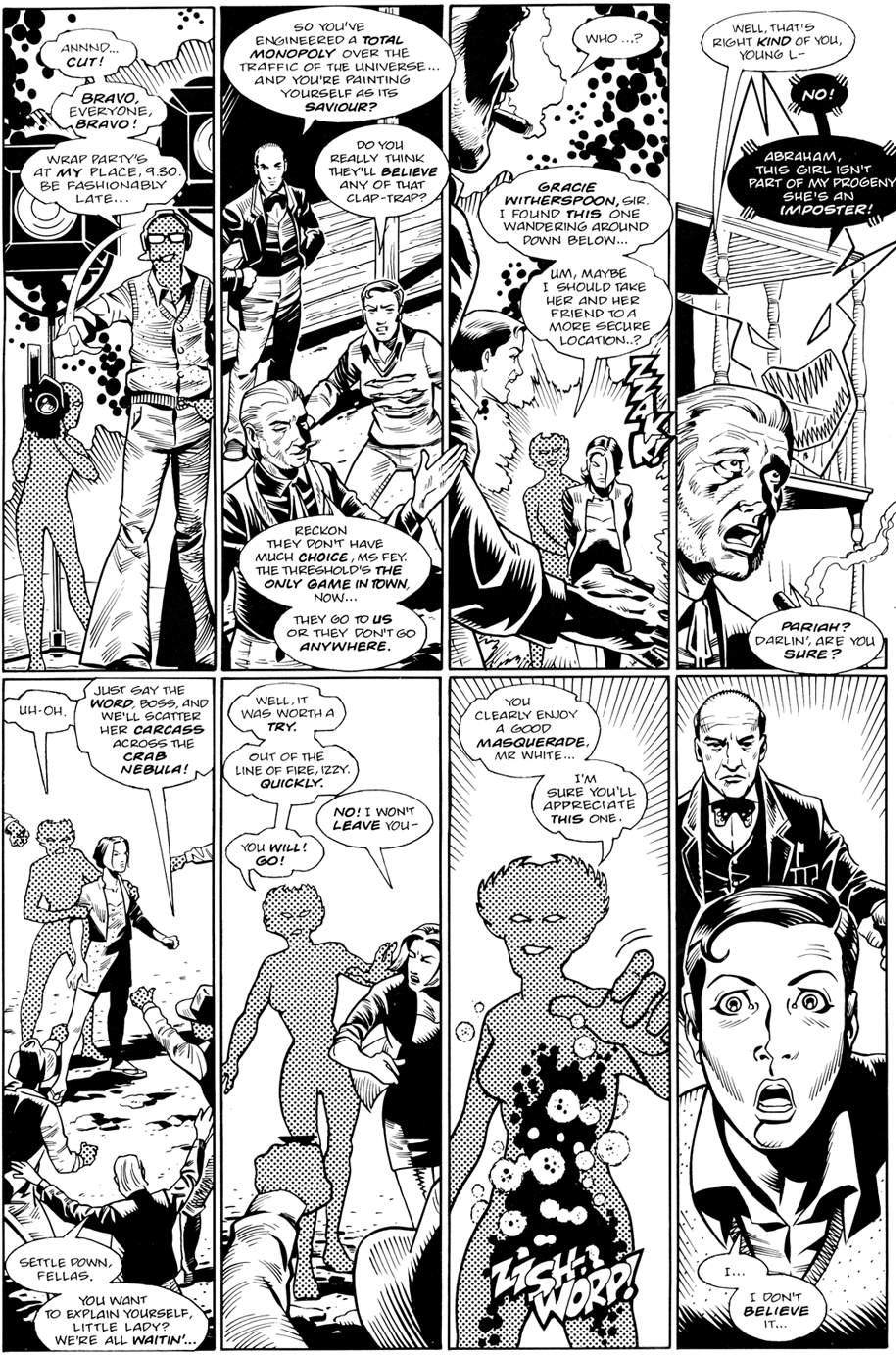
STORY: **SCOTT GRAY**
PENCILS: **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
INKS: **ROBIN SMITH**
LETTERING: **ELITTA FELL**
EDITORS: **GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES**

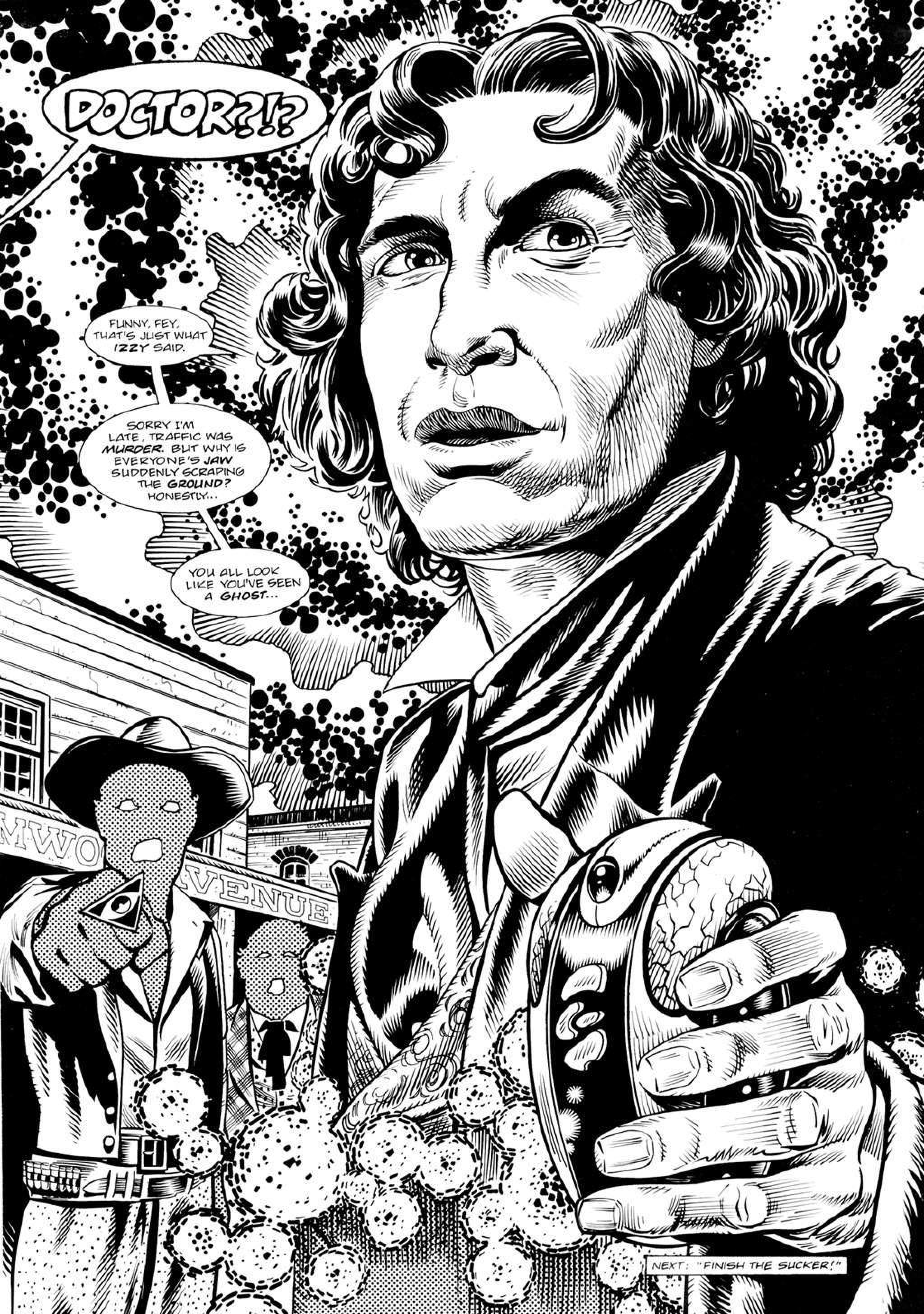

SO MUCH FOR THE TRAXONNIA RESEARCH CLUSTER...
AND THE KAPLI REFUGEE FLEET...
WHOOPS, THERE GOES THE NINTH SONTARAN ARMADA... SO LONG, FELLAS...
AND TRUST ME, FOLKS... THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG.
LIKE I SAID, I'M NO SCIENTIST, BUT THE PRINCIPLE'S SIMPLE ENOUGH. JUST TAKE EVERY SPECK OF DARK MATTER, EVERY VIRTUAL PHOTON AND EVERY QUANTUM PARTICLE THAT EXISTS IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE...
TINKER WITH 'EM A LITTLE, SO THEY BECOME ENTROPIC HOLES THAT CONVERT ANYTHING THEY COLLIDE WITH INTO BASIC ENERGY...
AND VOILA! OUTER SPACE ITSELF BECOMES ONE GIANT MINE FIELD.
WHITE, IT'S THE FIFTY-THIRD CENTURY! THERE ARE MILLIONS OF STAR-FARING RACES IN THE UNIVERSE...
BILLIONS OF SPACE CRAFT...
COUNTLESS LIVES!
NOT ANYMORE, SON.
ANYONE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BE OUTSIDE A PLANETARY ATMOSPHERE JUST CASHED THEIR LAST PAY CHECK.
"THE DOOHICKEY THAT CAUSED IT ALL IS DOWNSTAIRS..."
I'M TOO LATE...
I'M TOO - UNGGH!!
THWOCK!
GET OFF ME, GIRL! NOW!


OH NO... IZZY, IF YOU'VE BROKEN THE PCC...
ZZZT-ZZZT-
I...
I...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
I'VE MET MADMEN IN THE PAST, WHITE, BUT YOU'RE BEYOND INSANITY.
WHERE'S YOUR BELOVED PROFIT HERE, WHITE? WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY HOPE TO GAIN FROM THIS SLAUGHTER?
ANSWER ME!
I'LL DO BETTER, DOCTOR. I'LL SHOW YOU...
Y'SEE, AFTER THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF BUSINESS, THE THRESHOLD ARE FINALLY GONNA ADVERTISE.
NO-NO-NO! WHY AM I PLAGUED WITH THESE IMBECILIC OBSTACLES?!
ZZAAKKK!
UCHS
ANT
CLANCY, WE ARE ABOUT TO CREATE A TRANSWARP SIGNAL THAT WILL REACH EVERY COMMUNICATION RECEIVER IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE...
THE SINGLE GREATEST FEAT IN BROADCASTING HISTORY...
AND YOU CAN'T EVEN GET OUR BLOODY CORPORATE SYMBOL TO SIT STRAIGHT ON THE WALL?!
EASY THERE, DEREK. JUST NEEDS SOME THICKER NAILS, IS ALL...
HELLO, DOCTOR. GOODNESS ME, YOU HAVE CHANGED...
YOU HAVEN'T, CHASTITY. STILL INDULGING IN BAD HABITS...
INDEED? MAY I PRESENT THE TRODIAN MIND-STRIPPER, A DARLING LITTLE DEVICE WHICH I'M NOW GOING TO CONNECT TO YOUR SHINY NEW CRANIUM...


...AND IN YOUR **CURRENT** STATE, YOU WON'T LAST MORE THAN A FEW **MINUTES** BEFORE IT **PAN-FRIES** YOUR **BRAIN**.
FOR WHAT **PURPOSE?** NO, WAIT, LET ME GUESS - YOU WANT THE TIME LORD GIFT OF **UNIVERSAL TRANSLATION,** DON'T YOU?
VERY GOOD, DOCTOR. WE CAN HARDLY TRANSMIT A MESSAGE TO ALL THE UNIVERSE IN **ENGLISH,** CAN WE?
"RASSILON TOLD ME THAT THE **BOX** HE GAVE YOU HELD THE SECRET. WHAT HAPPENED TO IT, CHASTITY?"
"**DESTROYED** WHEN THE DALEK HIVE **DECOMPRESSED.*** SADLY, I WAS THE ONLY ONE PRIVILEGED TO WITNESS ITS GLORIOUS LIGHT..."
* SEE DWM 255.
YOU **DROPPED** IT, DIDN'T YOU?
OF COURSE NOT-
GO ON, CHASTITY, **ADMIT IT**! YOU **DROPPED** THE **BOX,** AND **THAT'S** WHY THE THRESHOLD HAS HAD TO GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF KIDNAPPING ME! **PATHETIC!**
CAN I JUST POINT SOMETHING OUT, WHITE? IF CHASTITY SAW THE LIGHT, SHE **ALSO** HAS THE GIFT. **SHE'D** BE A MUCH SAFER BET THAN **ME** ON THIS TABLE...
AS YOU'VE NOTICED, I'M NOT EXACTLY FIRING ON ALL CYLINDERS RIGHT NOW...
HMMM...
YOU'VE GOT A **POINT,** DOCTOR. STRAP HER DOWN, BOYS.
WHAT?!
ABRAHAM, Y-YOU CAN'T BE **SERIOUS**!
THAT'S "**MR WHITE**" TO YOU, LADY. I AIN'T BEEN TOO IMPRESSED WITH YOUR **WORK** LATELY. I GOT A SOCK ON THE **JAW** THANKS TO YOU...
HERE'S WHERE YOU MAKE UP FOR YOUR **CARELESS-NESS**.
NOOOOO!!!
BLANKET THE **OMNI-NET,** DEREK, I WANT EVERY **COMM-SCREEN** FROM HERE TO **KINGDOM COME** UNDER OUR **CONTROL**.
IT'S **SHOWTIME!**
WATCH CAREFULLY, DOCTOR. YOU'RE GONNA **LOVE** THIS...


"RIGHT NOW, ALL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, THE APOCALYPSE PROPHESIED IN EVERY CULTURE SEEMS TO BE TAKIN' PLACE. PEOPLE ARE SCARED. THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO BELIEVE IN...
"AND THAT MEANS THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO BUY."
ATTENTION PLEASE. THE VACUUM OF SPACE HAS SOMEHOW TRANSMUTED INTO A DEVASTATING ENERGY FIELD. REPORTS INDICATE THAT EVERY STARSHIP IN EXISTENCE HAS BEEN ATOMISED BY THE EFFECT. THE LOSS OF LIFE IS INCALCULABLE.
PLEASE REMAIN CALM. THE EFFECT SO FAR SEEMS CONFINED TO OUTER SPACE.
AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR...
HOWDY, FOLKS. I'M ABRAHAM WHITE, MANAGIN' DIRECTOR OF THE THRESHOLD. I WISH I COULD BE SPEAKIN' TO Y'ALL UNDER HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES.
WE FACE A TIME OF CRISIS - A TIME OF TRAGEDY. BUT MAYBE SOMETHIN' GOOD CAN COME FROM IT...
MY COMPANY HAS BEEN DEVELOPIN' AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE TO SPACE TRAVEL...
"THE LT 904 TELEPORT WINDOW IS THE STATE OF THE ART IN TRANS-DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL.
"IMAGINE STEPPIN' THROUGH A MAGIC DOORWAY THAT CAN TAKE YOU ACROSS YOUR TOWN - OR ACROSS YOUR GALAXY - IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE!
"IT'S A GATEWAY TO INFINITE POSSIBILITIES. OUR WINDOWS CAN TRANSPORT FOOD TO THE HUNGRY, SHELTER TO THE NEEDY AND MEDICINE TO THE SICK...
"...FOR A MODEST FEE."
THE THRESHOLD'S A BIG COMPANY, BUT WE'VE NEVER LOST OUR HEART.
WE'VE NEVER LOST SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT OUR BEST ASSET... OUR GREATEST RESOURCE...
...HAS ALWAYS BEEN PEOPLE.
"WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TODAY? ANYWHERE YOU LIKE. THE TYRANNY OF DISTANCE HAS JUST BEEN ABOLISHED. A NEW AGE OF COMFORT AND COMMUNICATION IS DAWNIN'."
JOIN US. STEP OVER THE THRESHOLD.
THE UNIVERSE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!


ANNND... CUT!
BRAVO, EVERYONE, BRAVO!
WRAP PARTY'S AT MY PLACE, 9.30. BE FASHIONABLY LATE...
SO YOU'VE ENGINEERED A TOTAL MONOPOLY OVER THE TRAFFIC OF THE UNIVERSE... AND YOU'RE PAINTING YOURSELF AS ITS SAVIOUR?
DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY'LL BELIEVE ANY OF THAT CLAP-TRAP?
RECKON THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, MS FEY. THE THRESHOLD'S THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN, NOW...
THEY GO TO US OR THEY DON'T GO ANYWHERE.
WHO ...?
GRACIE WITHERSPOON, SIR. I FOUND THIS ONE WANDERING AROUND DOWN BELOW...
UM, MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE HER AND HER FRIEND TO A MORE SECURE LOCATION..?
ZZAK!
WELL, THAT'S RIGHT KIND OF YOU, YOUNG L-
NO!
ABRAHAM, THIS GIRL ISN'T PART OF MY PROGENY! SHE'S AN IMPOSTER!
PARIAH? DARLIN', ARE YOU SURE?
UH-OH.
JUST SAY THE WORD, BOSS, AND WE'LL SCATTER HER CARCASS ACROSS THE CRAB NEBULA!
SETTLE DOWN, FELLAS.
YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF, LITTLE LADY? WE'RE ALL WAITIN'...
WELL, IT WAS WORTH A TRY.
OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE, IZZY. QUICKLY.
NO! I WON'T LEAVE YOU-
YOU WILL! GO!
YOU CLEARLY ENJOY A GOOD MASQUERADE, MR WHITE...
I'M SURE YOU'LL APPRECIATE THIS ONE.
ZISH-WORP!
I...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT...


DOCTOR?!?
FUNNY, FEY, THAT'S JUST WHAT IZZY SAID.
SORRY I'M LATE, TRAFFIC WAS MURDER. BUT WHY IS EVERYONE'S JAW SUDDENLY SCRAPING THE GROUND? HONESTLY...
YOU ALL LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST...
MWO
VENUE
NEXT: "FINISH THE SUCKER!"

Next issue . . .

Letts diary!

Pertwee era producer Barry Letts swaps hats to discuss instead his *Doctor Who* directing credits,

including *Terror of the Autons*, *Carnival of Monsters*, *Planet of the Spiders*, *Robot* – and *The Enemy of the World*, as presented in a brand new run of *The Telesnap Archive*!

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A newly-regenerated and heroically unstable Doctor becomes embroiled in a kidnap plot masterminded by a giant slug . . . *The DWM Archive* goes on the slippery trail of *The Twin Dilemma* – whether you like it or not!

Dread lightly!

Destiny of the Daleks director Ken Grieve on manoeuvring Movellans about a Dorset sandpit – and coping with the "consummately professional" Tom Baker!

Plus!

"A big boo for the new Dr Who!" More preteen prejudice pulled from *Junior Points of View* in *Out of the mouths of babes* Part Two!

Writer/director Nick Briggs on reactivating the Nestenes in new spin-off film *Auton 2: Sentinel*!

The Pariah shows her really nasty side as the shocks just keep on coming in *Wormwood*!

Shelf Life! Jackie Jenkins! *Gallifrey Guardian*! Enough of your favourite features to cause a Jocondan embolism!

DWM 270

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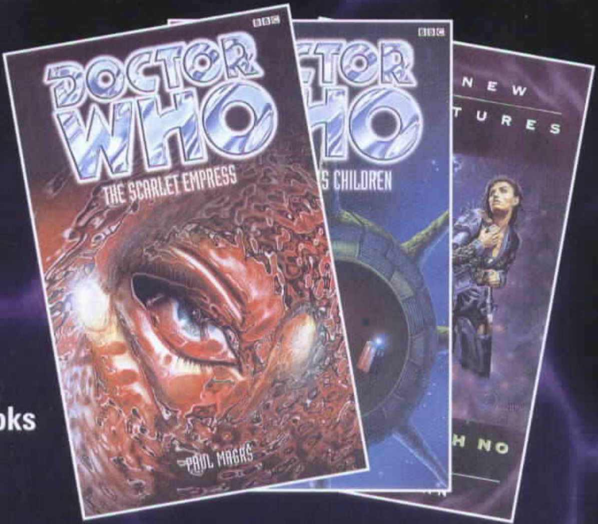
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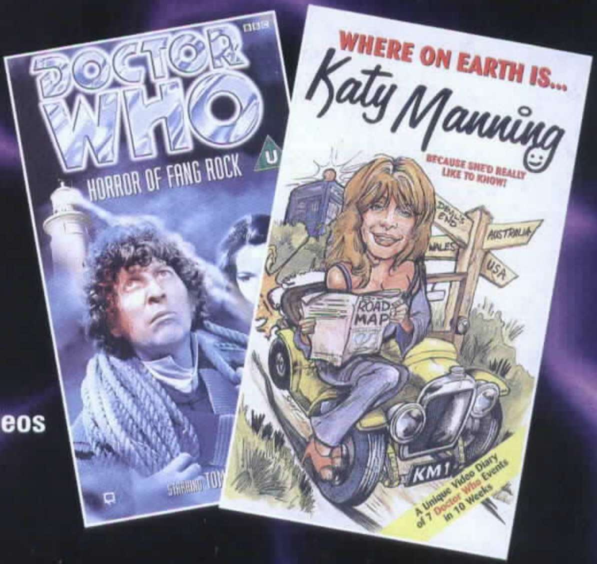
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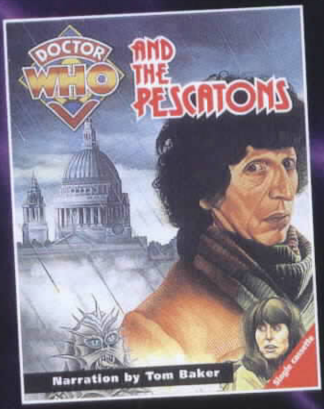
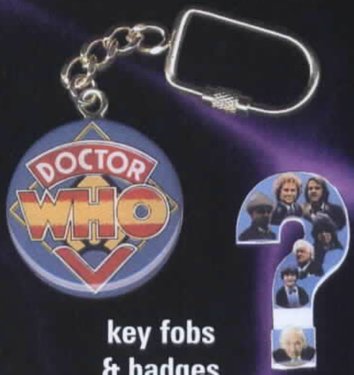

DOCTOR WHO AND THE PESCATONS
Narration by Tom Baker

audio



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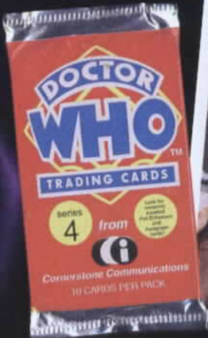
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